

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

DECEMBER, 1885.

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## *Japan and the Holy See.*

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JUST three hundred years ago a strange embassy arrived in Rome. All the afternoon of March 20, 1585, the streets were lined with eager crowds waiting to see the entry of the ambassadors into the city. Night was falling when they arrived—four young Japanese nobles, their carriages escorted by the cavalry of the Pontifical Army, with trumpets sounding and torches blazing before them. The procession made its way to the Gesù where Claudius Acquaviva, the Father General of the Jesuits, with two hundred of his religious, was waiting to welcome the envoys of Japan. They entered the church, and there the *Te Deum* was sung to thank God for having brought them safely to Rome, after a long journey of three years, one month, and two days, by land and sea and through many storms and perils. Then they withdrew to the rooms prepared for them, and the crowds dispersed, talking no doubt of their first impressions and of the solemn audience in which Gregory the Thirteenth was to receive the ambassadors on the following day, while the better informed would tell what they had read of Japan in the voyages of travellers or the published letters of the missionaries in that far-off land.

It was said that the newly-arrived embassy represented three independent kingdoms, ruled by Christian kings in the island-empire of the East. Just as now-a-days there are explorers who call every African chief a king, so in the sixteenth century merchants and missionaries gave the title to the daimios or feudal lords of Japan. The error or exaggeration was not always very serious, for in the stormy times that preceded the reign of Iyeyasu, and the rise of the Tokugawa dynasty, many of the daimios were practically independent, even though civil wars and frequent revolutions made their position a precarious one. The embassy of 1585, represented the Christian daimios of Bungo, Arima, and Omura. The first of these three princes had more than thirty years before received St. Francis

Xavier as his guest. The ambassadors were four young nobles whose names—a combination of the European and the Japanese style—were Michael Cingina, Mancio Isto, Julian Nacaura, and Martin Fara. They had sailed from Nagasaki, in Japan, in 1582, and after a delay of nine months at Macao, and half a year in India, they had reached Lisbon in August, 1584. Travelling through Portugal and Spain, they embarked at Valencia for Leghorn, and after a brief visit to the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Pisa, they had proceeded to Rome.

The morning of the 21st, witnessed their solemn entry into the city. Early in the day they left the Gesù, and went out to a villa outside the Porta del Popolo, where the ambassadors of the Catholic powers had assembled to accompany them in the state procession through the streets of the city. One of the ambassadors, Julian Nacaura, had been very ill during the latter part of the journey, and at the villa it was evident that he was far too weak and fatigued to take his place with the rest in the procession. One of the Roman nobles therefore took him at once in his carriage to the Vatican, where the Pope received him in private audience. This was the first meeting between Gregory the Thirteenth and one of his Japanese children, and could he have read the secrets of the future, he might have seen more than chance in the circumstances which had thus brought the young noble to his feet before his companions. In far-off years still known only to God, the palm of martyrdom was waiting for Nacaura.

Meanwhile, the long procession had formed at the villa, and came streaming in by the Porta del Popolo, between the double hedge of a dense crowd. First to the sound of trumpet and kettle-drum rode the Papal Guard, then came the Swiss troops, next officers of the Cardinals' households, clad in purple, and the foreign ambassadors each with a brilliant train, then the Pope's chamberlains, and then the three figures that all had come to see, Cingina, Fara, and Isto. They were dressed in the Japanese costume, flowing robes of silk, embroidered in gold and colours with a rich pattern of birds and flowers, each wearing the two swords that marked the noble and the soldier of Japan. Isto rode first between two archbishops, then came Fara and Cingina each between two bishops. After them rode Father Mesquita who acted as interpreter, and the procession was closed by a long cavalcade of the Roman nobles.

As they crossed the bridge of St. Angelo the batteries of the

castle thundered out a salute, to which another battery beyond the Vatican replied. Before the palace the procession halted, and the three young nobles were conducted to the hall of audience, where the Pope awaited them surrounded by cardinals, prelates, and princes. As they kissed his feet the aged Pontiff stooped down and raised them up, embracing them with tears in his eyes, and then speaking through Mesquita the interpreter, they declared that they were come in their own names and that of their princes to acknowledge the Sovereign Pontiff as the Vicar of the Son of God on earth, and to pay him the homage of the Christians of Japan. Then they presented the letters with which they were charged, and these were read aloud in an Italian version. Then all were seated and Father Gaspar Gonzalez, a Portuguese Jesuit, pronounced a Latin discourse, dwelling upon the importance of the event which they were witnessing, and the high hopes it gave of a bright future for the Church in the far East. He dwelt especially upon the consolation that was to be found in these new conquests of the faith, at a time when so many of the old Catholic nations of Europe had revolted against the Church, and he not unhappily compared the present embassy to the Indian embassy to Rome under Augustus.

The city of Rome [he said] heretofore looked upon herself as most fortunate, under the Empire of Augustus, because some people of the Indies, attracted by the fame of their noble achievements, sent ambassadors to court their alliance and friendship. Whole multitudes of people came from all parts of Italy to Rome, to have a sight of this new kind of men, of those strange faces till then unknown to the Romans, of their carriage and behaviour. They stared upon them like men come out of another world. But if we compare the two embassies together we shall find this of the Japanese far more noble, more illustrious and glorious. The Indies, I grant, were far remote, but how much more Japan, which lies seven thousand leagues away, full three years' journey from Rome. In the reign of Augustus the fame of the Roman Empire had reached the Indies, but at the same time they had neither felt the weight of its arms, nor seen its standards displayed. The Hindus came to court the friendship of the Romans, but not to yield them obedience. They treated with them as their equals, they asked their alliance, but they never offered to submit themselves to their Empire. But what is done here to-day is of a very different character. Three young Princes of the blood royal come to prostrate themselves at the feet of your Holiness, not as equals to court your alliance, but as faithful and dutiful subjects to render you obedience,

hoping only that you will cherish them as your children. These, who never yet knew what it was to yield to foreign powers, have now displayed in their States the victorious Standard of Jesus Christ carried thither by your Holiness's orders. . . . The Christian religion thought that she had made a noble conquest, when by the wise conduct of St. Gregory the Great, the Island of England, divided from all the rest of the world, was brought to receive the law of Jesus Christ, and submitted to the Roman Church. But if under that great Pontiff she had the honour and satisfaction of seeing the island subjugated to her obedience, she must now weep and lament to see the same so miserably separated from the body of the faithful by schism and heresy. But behold for her comfort, under the wise and prudent government of another Gregory, not one but many islands, many kingdoms and nations, situated as it were in another world, come this day to receive her laws, so that, we may say, our former loss (though infinitely great), is now repaired by these new conquests, which ought to wipe away our tears and change the mourning of the Church into a universal joy.

Mgr. Bocapaduli having replied in a gracious speech, on the part of His Holiness, and the Princes having again kissed his feet, they withdrew into the palace with the Pope. They dined with his nephew, the Cardinal di San Sisto, and after dinner His Holiness sat with them, speaking for a long time with them through an interpreter on the state of affairs in Japan. A visit to St. Peter's brought the ceremonial of the day to a close.

The days that followed were passed in visits to the seven churches, audiences given to the Ambassadors of Spain, France, and the Republic of Venice, and visits to the palaces of cardinals and nobles. In the midst of all this, and less than three weeks after the audience at the Vatican, Pope Gregory died, one of his last acts being to send to inquire about the health of Julian Nacaura, who was still ailing. The new Pope was Sixtus the Fifth. Only two days after his election he gave audience to the Ambassadors, assured them of his goodwill, and received from them a written memorial on matters concerning the Church of Japan. They appeared among the Ambassadors of the Catholic powers on the day of his coronation, and the same evening after Vespers he made them Knights, girding them with the sword, and placing chains of gold round their necks while the Ambassadors of France and Spain buckled the golden spurs on their heels, and they swore to defend the Catholic Faith with their lives. Next morning they assisted at the Pope's Mass and received Communion from his hands. He gave them presents for their princes and themselves, renewed

and increased the grants of money made by his predecessor for the seminaries in Japan, gave them a large sum to provide for their return journey, and letters calling on all princes and governors to do what they could to assist them on their way. A few days after they were received in a final audience and bade farewell to the Pope and to Rome, which they quitted June 3, 1585.

They travelled through central Italy, visiting Assisi, Loretto, and Bologna. At Venice they were entertained as the guests of the Republic, and their portraits were painted and hung in the great hall of the palace among the portraits of the Doges, where they are still to be seen. Then passing by Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, and Milan, fêted in every city in which they appeared, they arrived at Genoa, where a fleet of galleys was waiting to carry them to Spain. They landed at Barcelona on August 13, 1585, and on their way to Portugal they had a farewell audience with King Philip the Second. On the 30th of April in the following year they embarked at Lisbon in the fleet for the Indies, taking with them a reinforcement of seventeen missionaries for Japan. They did not reach Goa till the end of May, 1587, and as the fleet for the far East had already sailed, they had to remain there till the April of 1588, when they set out for Japan. They did not land there till 1590, eight years after their first departure for Europe.

On their return they found that in their absence great changes had taken place in Japan. Hideyoshi, better known by his title of Taicosama, was practically lord of the whole land, though he paid a nominal obedience to the Mikado. He had defeated in battle many of the daimios, and all acknowledged his overlordship, which he exercised as a kind of regent for the Mikado. The Kings of Bungo and Omura had died three years before, in 1587, and in the same year Taicosama had published an edict of banishment against the Jesuits, and had made efforts to induce some of the chief Christians to abjure their religion. The missionaries hid themselves in the domains of the Christian daimios, all of whom, with one miserable exception, continued to profess their faith and protect their Christian subjects. The one exception was Constantine, the son and successor of Francis of Bungo, who had the weakness to outwardly conform to the edicts and published them in his dominions. Father Valignani took advantage of the return of the envoys to make an effort to appease Taicosama.

It is not unlikely that the embassy had indirectly contributed to exasperate him against the Europeans, for Iyeyasu, one of his officers, and later on the founder of a persecuting dynasty, represented it to him as having gone to Europe to hand over the sovereignty of Japan to the foreigners of the West. After much difficulty Valignani succeeded in getting permission to come to Miako as envoy of the Governor of the Indies. He appeared at Court, accompanied by the four Japanese nobles, who laid before Taicosama the rich presents sent to Japan by the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Governor of the Indies, and did homage to him as their lord. He seemed to be much pleased with the embassy, the honours paid him, and the costly gifts of which he became the possessor. There was a lull in the persecution, for awhile the edicts were not enforced, but before the year was out the fickle tyrant was again urging on his lieutenants the strict execution of his former proclamations against the Christians. From that day, although there were intervals of peace, the persecution had begun that all but destroyed the Church of Japan.

Mancio Isto succeeded in winning back to the Christian faith his cousin, Constantine of Bungo. Soon after Mancio and his three companions resolved to lay down the double sword of the noble caste and devote themselves to the consolation of the persecuted Christians, and the conversion of their heathen brethren. All four entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. A glorious fate was in store for one of them. Long years after, in 1633, when the persecution was at its height, and the long night of desolation was fast closing in upon the Church of Japan, Nacaura, then a priest of more than sixty years of age, was arrested and conducted to Nagasaki. As he was led along the streets he reminded the people that he was one of the princes who years ago had gone to Rome, and told them he was now glad to die for the faith he had then so openly professed before the world. He was hung head downwards in the pit, and died after three days of agony. Two young Japanese scholastics of the Society of Jesus and two European missionaries endured the same torments with him, and won the same triumph.

Until 1643 the Christians of Japan had patiently suffered all that their persecutors chose to inflict upon them. But in that year the Christians of Arima, deprived of the pastors who had so long preached patience to them, and driven to despera-



tion, took up arms and made a hopeless stand against the armies of the Shogun. They threw themselves into the walled town of Shimabara, and held it for several months, till at length some Dutch sailors landed with their cannon and breached the walls, and the place was taken by storm. Thirty thousand Christians perished in the massacre which followed; thousands were led to Nagasaki, and flung over the cliffs of the Pappenberg into the sea, and an edict was published forbidding all foreigners except the Dutch to land in Japan. Soon after four merchants from the Philippines, who endeavoured to penetrate to Miako as ambassadors in order to negotiate a re-opening of commercial relations with Japan, were seized and put to death, with the greater part of their retinue. The power of Spain and Portugal in the far East had fallen so low that no attempt was made to exact reparation for this outrage.

Then for more than two hundred years Japan was a forbidden land, and it seemed that for once persecution had been successful in crushing out Christianity. But from time to time there came strange rumours that the Japanese Christians, deprived as they were of altars, priests, and sacrifice, were still here and there holding fast to the faith that had been preached to their fathers by St. Francis Xavier, and sealed by the blood of so many martyrs. It was known that the persecuting edicts were still placarded in town and village—why should this be if the religion against which they were directed were extinct? In 1829 it was reported that several Christians had been crucified. So men hoped on, and from time to time attempts were made to restore the mission in Japan. The first priest who set foot in Japan in the present century was the Abbé Forcade of the *Missions Etrangères*. He was unable to establish himself in the country. He returned to France to be raised to the Archbishopric of Aix, and to lay down his life in helping his cholera-stricken people in this present year. The actual rediscovery of the Japanese Christians was the work of another missionary of the same congregation, the Abbé Petitjean. There is no need to tell again in detail the well-known story of how on March 17, 1865, some poor women from the interior came to him in his church in the treaty port of Nagasaki, and told him that they were Christians, and that there were many like them in the country villages at no great distance. Thus the resurrection of the Church of Japan began in the very town which had seen the greatest number of martyrdoms, and in the sanctuary erected to the honour of the martyrs of Japan.

For awhile all that could be done was to establish European missionaries in the ports that were open to foreigners, and send native catechists to help and instruct the scattered groups of Christians. But three years after the memorable meeting at Nagasaki the Japanese revolution came like an earthquake to change the whole face of the land. The last of the Shoguns, the last ruler of the persecuting Tokugawa race, was deposed, and the Mikado, whose dignity had been for three centuries a mere name, was brought forth from his retirement, to mount the Imperial throne of Japan, guarded by the soldiers and statesmen, whose bold counsels and ready swords had accomplished the revolution. Change rapidly followed change—a freer communication with foreigners, adoption of their arts and manners, the introduction of machinery, railways, arms of precision, and even of European administrative institutions. It was fondly hoped that with all this would come the proclamation of religious liberty; but almost the first act of the new Government was to renew the old edicts against the “evil sect,” *i.e.*, the Christians. The foreign ambassadors protested, but for a long time all that they could obtain was that the words “evil sect” should be omitted from the proclamations, as they implied an insult even to the foreign friends of Japan. Nor were the edicts allowed to remain unexecuted. Thousands of Christians were dragged from their homes and cast into loathsome prisons, where many of them died; or they were transported to distant parts of Japan, so as to be cut off from communication with the missionaries in the treaty ports. It was only in 1872 that the ambassadors of France and England succeeded in obtaining the release of the imprisoned Christians. Not until April, 1873, were the persecuting edicts taken down from the notice-boards at the entrance to every village.

While it thus showed that the old persecuting spirit was not extinct in Japan, the new Government took another reactionary step, in connection with the question of the State religion. Since the sixth century there had been two religions in Japan—the Shinto, or indigenous religion, including the worship of the Kamis, local gods of wood and mountain, and spirits of ancestors, especially the ancestors of the Imperial family; and Buddhism introduced from India, through China and the Corea. The two religions existed very peacefully side by side, they even mingled with each other, for Buddhism is very tolerant, and ever ready to adopt local beliefs and customs into its worship.

Thus in many temples the emblems of the Shinto Kamis appeared beside those of Buddhist genii and demi-gods, and the standing complaint of the Bonzes against the Christian missionaries before the great persecution had been that they despised the "Kamis and Fotoquis" (Hotokis), *i.e.*, the gods of both religions. Under the rule of the Tokugawa Shoguns, from their rise in the beginning of the seventeenth century to their downfall in 1868, Buddhism had been in the ascendant. But after the revolution all that had been specially characteristic of the Shogun rule was viewed with disfavour, and while the Mikado's Government eagerly adopted European inventions and institutions, in the matter of religion it proclaimed its adhesion to the old indigenous Shinto worship, and ordered the Buddhist Bonzes to give up to the Shinto priests several temples that had at some time belonged to them, or stood on a site once devoted to the Shinto worship. In more than one instance the Bonzes, to save their temples from Shinto profanation, set them on fire, and in this way they destroyed some of the great temples founded by Taicosama and Iyeyasu. The Shinto worship became the State religion to the exclusion of Buddhism, but the latter worship was tolerated on condition that the Bonzes acknowledged that they held their temples that were left to them by the goodwill of the State, and took an oath of loyalty to the Mikado. In many of the provinces this toleration was a simple necessity, for the Buddhist Bonzes were so numerous and powerful that the Government could not afford to begin a serious quarrel with them.

Meanwhile the new persecution of the Christians had come to an end. It had not diminished their numbers except by death, for it had proved as difficult to force them to apostatize, as it had been in the great persecution centuries before. The Catholic mission came out into the light of day, and set to work to reorganize what was left of the old Church of Japan. Unfortunately the Japanese learned from Englishmen, Americans, and Russians what they had learned from the Dutch in the seventeenth century, that all Christians did not teach the same doctrine. English Episcopalians, American Methodists, and Russian schismatics came to set up their rival banners, and sought to wrest from the Church some part of her hard-won inheritance in Japan. With these, too, came professors of European arts and sciences for the university established by the new Government, and they brought with them not a few

standard works of the agnostic and sceptical schools of thought, works which are now only too popular in a Japanese version among the learned classes. But even though European and American unbelief was thus represented in Japan, this could not disguise the fact that Europe and America, whose civilization Japan was striving so hard to imitate, were the home of Christian peoples and professed that their civilization itself was in a large measure the fruits of Christianity. Very soon after the revolution of 1868 Japanese thinkers began to ask openly why their country should not, as a mere matter of policy, adopt the European religion as well as European arts and learning. On the other hand, the printing-presses poured out a shower of pamphlets against the Western faith in all its forms, and Japanese lecturers declaimed against it, renewing many of the old calumnies of the days of persecution. In some places native Christians were attacked and stoned by mobs led by these champions of the two religions of Japan. The Government in no way encouraged these outrages. Its policy for many years had been one of toleration, even though religious liberty was not formally proclaimed. In the summer of last year it took a very important step, probably induced by the growing discredit into which Shintoism was falling as an official religion, and the discontent of the chiefs of Buddhism at the favours exclusively accorded to their rivals. It published a decree by which the Government, as such, dissolved its connection with the Shinto religious bodies, and authorized all the Japanese sects, whether Buddhist, Shintoist, or a combination of the two, to freely govern themselves and administer their own affairs through a chief chosen by each out of their own members, and approved by the Minister of the Interior. Although by this act the Shinto ceased to be the official religion of Japan, it continues to be, especially through its connection with ancestor worship, the religion of the Sovereign, the Mikado. Many State officials are bound by their rank to accompany him in his public acts of worship, and this still gives the religion of the Kamis not a little influence as a public institution in Japan.

But at the same time it is so much a religion of mere ceremony that the real fight with Christianity remains in the hands of Buddhism, and now Japanese writers themselves are beginning to publicly acknowledge that sooner or later Buddhism must give way to its antagonist, and the cry for the adoption of Christianity as a political measure is being

renewed. The editor of the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, published some time ago long extracts from articles translated from the native press of Japan. They are so remarkable that we shall reproduce portions of them here.

We have first a long article from the *Ji-ji-chim-pô*, a journal which had formerly opposed Christianity, as likely to be the source of internal troubles in Japan. The article begins by pointing out that the acknowledged superiority of the nations of Europe and America is the result, not only of their political institutions, but also of their religion. That with Europeans there is always a prejudice against non-Christian peoples, that such peoples are never really admitted as equals in the commonwealth of nations, and sharers in the benefits of a recognized code of international law. All this points to the probability that Japan would gain a better position among the nations by the adoption of Christianity, and from this point of view the writer urges the Government to facilitate the introduction of Christianity as the national religion. He goes on to say :

As we have already pointed out, the influence of Christianity makes itself felt in all the relations of the peoples of the West with each other. It was Christianity that established equality amongst men, and abolished slavery, a thing never dreamed of by even the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. European legislation is also imbued with principles drawn from Christianity. No doubt our ancient laws, based as they are on the doctrines of Buddha and Confucius, do not differ very greatly in their principles from those of Europe. But for all that, it is none the less true, that in prohibiting Christianity, we keep ourselves separated from the European nations. Besides, even if we do refuse freedom to Christianity, that will not prevent its spreading in Japan. It would be wiser, then, to openly grant its freedom, and thus make its propagation lawful. To us it appears evident, that things being what they are, Christianity must succeed in Japan, and Buddhism must disappear. We do not mean that Japan will immediately become a part of Christendom, but the victory of Christianity is only a matter of time, and it will come without fail.

He then points out that Christianity has the material elements of success on its side—alms freely given by its professors in far-off lands to maintain teachers in Japan, while the teachers themselves are well educated, able and zealous men. On the other hand, he says the Buddhists, as a rule, content themselves with keeping the existing temples open, and their teachers are badly educated, and intellectually inferior to the Europeans.

Another paper, the *Hon-tchi-chim-boun*, writes as follows :

The tendency towards Christianity becomes more marked every day, and is causing some alarm in the Buddhist camp; priests and people are alike in considerable anxiety, and they are holding meetings to devise the means of preventing the spread of Christianity. In various places disturbances have been caused by the partisans of Buddhism, but it is not yet known who has instigated them. It is supposed that it is the Bonzes; but it is a very mistaken policy for them to adopt. Instead of acting in this way, they should try to bring out what is good in Buddhism. They have not done so yet, and their conduct has only brought discredit on their religion. But instead of dwelling on these puerile proceedings, which hardly deserve our attention, it seems to us more interesting to make some remarks on the future of religion in Japan. We have already plainly stated our opinion that politics and religion must be separated. We therefore hail with satisfaction the current report that the Government is on the point of abolishing the official clergy, and giving up to the chief of each sect the management of its religious affairs. Although we have but scanty information on the subject, we believe that it is well founded, and that we shall soon witness the realization of what we have so long desired. A step in advance in this direction would be the freedom of funerals, that is, the right of having recourse to any minister of religion in such cases, without being obliged by the law, as heretofore, to go either to Buddhist or to Shintoist priests.

These articles were written in the latter part of 1884, before the Mikado's Government published its decree of disestablishment. It is of course evident that both writers are not very zealous either for Christianity or the old religions of Japan. They look at the religious question merely from the politician's point of view. One of them admits the advance made by Christianity, talks slightly of the Buddhists, and calls for complete freedom of worship. The other goes further; he hopes to see Christianity the religion of Japan, with a view to placing her on an equality with the nations of the West, and he confidently predicts the victory of Christianity over Buddhism.

Writings like these, which would not be published if they did not echo the opinions of a considerable section of the people, show that Japan is passing through a serious religious crisis, and that matters have gone very far since the publication of the Shinto proclamations and the renewal of the edicts of persecution in 1868. And the past month has brought us news which shows that the Holy See recognizes the importance of the crisis, and is taking advantage of the change in public opinion to



forward the interests of the Church in Japan. An article in the *Osservatore Romano*, and a letter from the Abbé Midon, the pro-Vicar Apostolic for Northern Japan, published in the *Missions Catholiques*, give an account of the public reception by the Mikado of an envoy charged with letters from the Sovereign Pontiff to the ruler of Japan. On Saturday, the 12th of September, by previous arrangement with the Japanese Government, Mgr. Osouf, titular Bishop of Arsinoë, and Vicar Apostolic of Northern Japan, was conveyed in one of the Mikado's state-carriages to the Palace of Tokio. He was accompanied by the French Ambassador and two of the missionaries. Arrived at the palace, he was received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Chief of the Emperor's household, and several other officials, including the chief interpreter of the Court. After an exchange of salutations and some friendly conversation, Mgr. Osouf and his companions were admitted to the hall of audience. The Mikado received them standing, dressed in a general's uniform, of European fashion. The last time a European missionary came as an Ambassador to a ruler of Japan was nearly three hundred years ago, when Valignani and the four Japanese Ambassadors of Arima, Bungo, and Omura, sought to appease the fury of the persecutor Taicosama. What a change between now and then. The race of the persecutors is gone, the Church of Japan still lives. It has had its "second spring," and one of its prelates is received in friendly audience by the ruler of New Japan.

Count Inouye, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, having introduced Mgr. Osouf to the Mikado, the prelate addressed to him a short speech, in which he said that the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth, having heard of the great progress accomplished in Japan under the rule of the present Emperor, desired to place himself on the same terms of diplomatic intercourse with him, which already existed between the Holy See and the other great powers. He had therefore resolved to address to his Majesty a letter, which would express his appreciation of the noble aspirations of the Government of Japan, and his personal regard for its Sovereign. The Holy Father, for this end, had summoned the speaker to Rome, and confided to him the letter which now, thanks to the friendly introduction of the French Ambassador, he was able to present in person. At the same time, he asked leave to express on his own part his homage to his Majesty, and his good wishes for his welfare and that of the people of Japan.



With these words, he handed to the Emperor the letter of Leo the Thirteenth, which was inclosed in an envelope of white silk, embroidered with the Pontifical arms, and tied with a cord of gold thread. The Emperor glanced at it, and handed it to an officer who stood by, and then read in Japanese his own reply to the speech of Mgr. Osouf. The chief interpreter translated it into very good French. The Mikado began by saying that he felt himself greatly honoured by this friendly act of the Sovereign Pontiff. He begged Mgr. Osouf to thank the Pope on his behalf. He wished, he said, to advance on the path of progress, and he would give to his Christian subjects the same protection that was enjoyed by all the rest.

Mgr. Osouf withdrew after presenting his two companions to the Mikado. Arrived in the anti-chamber, tea was brought—a necessary part of a visit in Japan—and Inouye, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, told Mgr. Osouf that the Government was exceedingly pleased to establish friendly relations with the Holy See, and that a special envoy of high rank would be sent to Rome, to convey to Leo the Thirteenth the Mikado's reply to his letter.

Thus Rome is to witness the arrival of another Japanese embassy to the Sovereign Pontiff. There is, of course, an enormous difference between 1585 and 1885. The envoy despatched from Tokio will probably not be a Christian, he will not come to do homage to Leo the Thirteenth as his spiritual father, but he will come to give him a solemn assurance of what the four Japanese Ambassadors could not promise to Gregory the Thirteenth, freedom for the faith to be preached through all Japan, wherever the people are willing to listen to it. He will represent not feudal princes of this or that district, but a firmly established government ruling over the whole of the island empire, a government not likely to be overturned by a revolution, and certain not to retract the promise of freedom of worship which it has made by the mouth of the Sovereign and of his Ministers. This is the significance of these new relations between Japan and the Holy See.

Moreover, the step which Leo the Thirteenth has taken will remove many causes of future difficulty and danger. Valuable as is the protection of the Catholic powers in the East, it is always open to the serious drawback that non-Christian rulers are apt to suspect those, who have recourse to such protection, of political designs against their own Government.

No such suspicion can attach to the communication carried on through the accredited envoys of the Holy See, whose objects can only be religious, and whose policy can have nothing to do with schemes of territorial aggrandisement in Asia. There is no doubt too that the reception of a Catholic prelate by the Mikado, and the despatch of a Japanese envoy to the Head of the Catholic Church, will raise the position of Catholics in public estimation, in every town in Japan where a Catholic congregation is to be found. With the esteem that is felt in Japan for English and American science and letters, there is danger of Anglicanism or Methodism being taken as the type of Christianity. All the more reason then to rejoice at what has been accomplished, as a means of turning the thoughts of Japanese statesmen, students, and journalists to Rome as the centre of that world-wide Christendom, to which the peoples of Europe and America owe all that is best and noblest in their culture, their manners, and their laws.

The Church of Japan is again a living reality, with its bishops, churches, and seminaries, its European missionaries, its native clergy, and its thousands of the faithful sons of the martyrs. All that it needs is freedom to do its work and enlarge its boundaries. This freedom is now assured to it by the zeal of Leo the Thirteenth, and the goodwill of the Mikado and his Government.

## *Celestial Photography.*

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THE intimate connection that has been shown to exist between so many of the sciences, would lead us to surmise, that in each particular case a natural bond must exist, even should the link as yet remain undiscovered. The science of astronomy, although it deals with celestial rather than with terrestrial phenomena, is no exception to the general law, but for many centuries optics alone showed any close alliance with the science of the heavens, although mechanics and pure mathematics afforded most valuable aid. In our own day, however, other connections have been established, and astronomical work is now almost revolutionized by the inroads of chemistry and photography. Both the spectroscope and the photographic camera at present lay claim to a share in the supremacy formerly held without a rival by the telescope, and the sway of the camera has become so powerful that many of our leading astronomers might almost be styled celestial photographers.

In the very infancy of photography, Daguerre is said to have attempted a picture of the moon; but it was an American, Dr. J. W. Draper, who first met with complete success, in 1840. The photographs of the moon, obtained by Dr. Draper with a five-inch telescope, were presented to the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, and these led the way to a long series of excellent pictures of our interesting satellite. Ten years later, Professor G. P. Bond secured a number of good lunar photographs with the large fifteen-inch refractor of the Cambridge Observatory, Boston, and these were the first seen in England, having been sent over to the Great Exhibition of 1851. Dancer of Manchester was probably the first, in February, 1852, to take photographs of the moon in this country; his instrument was only a four and a half-inch telescope. Many others have since improved upon these first attempts, and by far the most successful results have been the photographs of Dr. De la Rue of London, and of Dr. Rutherford, of New York. In a paper

read by Professor Phillips before the British Association in 1853, the calculation was made, that with Lord Rosse's reflector of six feet aperture, pictures of the moon might be obtained which, after being magnified, would show marks upon the lunar surface not more than twelve yards in breadth. This result has not as yet been attained, and many years will probably elapse before photography will convey to the mind such a perfect idea of a lunar landscape as the sketches from the pencil of Mr. Nasmyth. But a great advance, already gained through photography in our knowledge of the moon, is the accurate fixing of its leading features, and the determination of the amount of lunar libration.

A subject much more important for celestial photography than that which first attracted the attention of astronomers is the sun. The face of the moon, when her features are well seen, is indeed always most fascinating, but, after a complete photographic series of her different phases has once been perfectly taken, there is nothing more to be done, as the changes on the surface, if any really exist, are only of insignificant extent. The features of the sun, on the other hand, are subject to continual alteration, and the study of these changes, which are intimately connected with the variations of terrestrial magnetism, and probably also with many meteorological phenomena, requires an unbroken series of at least daily photographs. The first valuable picture of the sun that we owe to the sensitive plate, and which marks an epoch in the history of celestial photography, was the daguerreotype taken at Königsberg by Dr. Busch during the total solar eclipse of 1851. It attracted scant notice at the time, and yet for excellence it will bear comparison with the photographs of Padre Secchi and of Dr. De la Rue, taken in Spain in 1860, which finally settled the question of the solar nature of those red flames visible around the edge of the moon at every total eclipse of the sun. Since the last-named date but few opportunities have been lost of procuring pictures of the solar envelopes. Thus, for 1868, we have the fine series of Colonel Tennant and of Dr. Vogel, showing the great horn-shaped prominence, sixty thousand miles in height. Again, during the eclipse of 1869, photographs were taken in the United States by Morton and Whipple, followed in 1870 by those of Willard in Spain, and of Brothers in Sicily. In 1871, most magnificent pictures were obtained in India by Colonel Tennant and Mr. Davis, photographer to Lord Lindsay;

pictures showing innumerable and most delicate details in the construction of the solar corona, which it would be impossible to procure except by the aid of photography. Other negatives of no less interest were taken in Egypt, in 1882, by Dr. Schuster for Captain Abney, and at the Caroline Islands, in 1883, by Dr. Janssen, and by Messrs. Lawrence and Woods, acting under the direction of Captain Abney and Mr. Lockyer. In these last photographs, not only are the details unsurpassed in delicacy, but the pictures, according to Dr. Janssen, give an extension of the corona greater than any sketches drawn by telescopic observers.

The study of the solar envelopes must necessarily depend on observations separated from each other by considerable intervals of time, if results can be obtained only during solar eclipses, and therefore Dr. Huggins has of late years been endeavouring to produce pictures of the corona from an unecipsed sun. To the unassisted eye, or even in the telescope, the atmospheric glare due to the photosphere prevents the corona being visible, except under most exceptional circumstances, and even then only faintly; but the sensitive plate can differentiate the light much more delicately than the human retina, and therefore, by most careful and skilful manipulation, and profiting by the knowledge gained during the eclipse of 1882 of the richness of the corona in violet rays, pictures have been taken in ordinary daylight, images imperfect it is true, but giving fair promise of future success. Compared by Mr. Lawrence with the eclipse photographs of 1883, the coronas obtained by Dr. Huggins in London have been declared to be "certainly genuine as far as eight minutes of arc from the limb." The London atmosphere, not the most favourable for so delicate a research, was with advantage exchanged, in 1884, for the pure atmosphere of the Riffel, near Zermatt, in Switzerland, and seventy good coronas were the result of this three months' sojourn in the Alps. This interesting series of observations is now being carried on systematically at the Royal Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope by Mr. Woods, and it is quite safe to conclude that, "if photographs can be taken under these circumstances to show the coronal details with sufficient distinctness, it is scarcely possible to overvalue their importance with reference to the advance of our knowledge of that which exists immediately about the sun."

But however important from a theoretical point of view may be the study of the solar envelopes, that of the photosphere,

with its ever-changing spots and faculæ, is certainly of greater promise for practical utility, since the connection of these with most important terrestrial phenomena has now ceased to be a matter of simple conjecture. The difficulty that had to be gradually overcome in obtaining perfect photographs of the moon, and of the corona surrounding the sun, was the necessary length of exposure, and the consequent change of position in some cases in the interval, but with the sun itself the difficulty lay in quite an opposite direction, as most successful pictures have been obtained in the three-thousandth part of a second. Photographic images of the solar disk were first taken by Fizeau and Foucault in 1845, but the earliest daily series of any great practical value was that obtained by the Kew photoheliograph of Dr. De la Rue. Canon Selwyn of Ely began, somewhat later, a second series. The Kew series was carried on uninterruptedly from February, 1861, to April, 1872. Soon after which the work was undertaken at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, and the solar photographs have been a part of the daily routine since July, 1873. As cloudy weather must necessarily interfere considerably with the continuity of such daily observations at any single station, a supplementary series was started by the Government at the request of the Solar Physics Committee in 1878 at Dehra Doon, in North-West India, and thus a picture of the spots and faculæ is secured for almost every day of the year. Similar daily photographs of the sun are at present being taken at the Observatories of Wilna, Moscow, Cambridge, U.S., Melbourne, and Mauritius, and by Mr. Lockyer at South Kensington, and from these any lacunæ in our English series will doubtless be filled up. Measurements of the extent and position of the spots and faculæ on the British photographs are being made at Greenwich and elsewhere, so that the periodicity of the solar phenomena may be accurately tested, and also compared with that of the earth's magnetism and of important meteorological data.

For a knowledge of the general surface of the sun, and to follow the history of the rapid change in individual spots, photographs on a large scale are required, and in this branch of solar physics no one has as yet obtained more striking results than Dr. Janssen, Director of the Meudon Observatory. Photography has, however, still much progress to make in this direction before it can rival in minuteness of detail the hand-drawings of the solar spots at present daily made in several astronomical observatories.

If now we pass from our neighbours in the universe to the more distant planets, we again find that photography has come to the aid of the astronomer, for the cameras of De la Rue, Draper, and Common, have given us most trustworthy pictures of the giants of our planetary world, Jupiter and Saturn. But of late years the most useful work in planetary photography has been the pictures of Venus in her transits across the sun's disk in the years 1874 and 1882. The contacts of the planet with the edge of the sun were the only eye-observations that could serve for the determination of the earth's distance from the sun, and even by aid of the heliometer a few measures only of the distance between the centres of the two bodies could be obtained, whereas the photographic plate gave pictures each second near the time of the most important phases, and hundreds of observations during the course of each transit. The photographic results secured by the astronomers of the United States during the two transits will, when carefully discussed, probably furnish an exceedingly trustworthy value of the most important unit in astronomy.

From what has been already said about the various bodies of our solar system, it is obvious that there are many important observations connected with them that it would be impossible to attempt without the aid of photography, and many more that can be made more readily and more perfectly by its aid; yet there are others again for which the retina of the eye is still, and may perhaps always continue to be, a better recipient than the sensitized plate. Another class of bodies, of which no mention has as yet been made, some of which belong permanently to our solar system, whilst others may be only chance visitors, must be ranked with those objects whose accurate delineation necessarily requires the aid of the photographer. A comet, with its coma and tail, is not often so transient an object as the coronal rays of a solar eclipse, and therefore affords a somewhat better chance to the accurate draftsman, but the features are generally so complicated and delicate, that no two artists would ever represent them alike, and the result would be an ideal of the mind, and not an object in nature. A photograph gives at once the true image, and at the same time fixes most accurately the position of its several parts by showing on the same plate all the stars in the immediate neighbourhood of the comet. The ease with which such a satisfactory result can be attained was shown by the photograph of the great



comet of 1882, taken by Mr. Allis of Mowbray with an ordinary portrait lens, the camera being fastened by Dr. Gill to his equatorial. The following year, the comet Tewfik was a most marked feature in the photograph of the solar eclipse taken in Egypt by Dr. Schuster on one of Captain Abney's plates. The important researches of Professor Bredichin of Moscow, on the form of comets and the forces at work in the production of the curvature and direction of their tails, can scarcely be said to be based on very reliable data until the comets of the future have been photographed with the background of the starry firmament.

But if photography is useful, nay, almost necessary, for solid and rapid progress in the study of our solar system, its utility is increased a thousand-fold when we pass beyond the narrow limits of the orbit of Neptune, and try to advance our knowledge of the heavenly bodies that exist beyond in the depths of space. As we turn over, one by one, the great charts of the stars by Argelander, by Chacornac, by Peters, we often marvel at the amount of labour so lavishly expended on mapping the exact positions of so many of the heavenly host. It seems a work of ages, and yet these atlases contain only limited portions of the sky, or include only stars of a certain magnitude. To map with the eye all the stars visible in our larger telescopes would be a simple impossibility. And yet the photographic plate can do not only this, but it can do much more. Not only can it fix most accurately the positions of all the stars that are seen, but it can record even those that are too faint, or too distant, ever to come within the ken of human eye. The waves of light sent by these far-off suns reach the earth at any moment in numbers too few to affect the retina, and yet, by persistently striking against the sensitive plate, they at last succeed in disturbing the equilibrium of the molecules in the silver salt, and their presence will then be detected by the developer. The success of the Brothers Henry in Paris, of Professor Pickering at Cambridge, U.S., of Mr. Common in England, of Dr. Gill at the Cape of Good Hope, and of several others, has given a great impulse to this most valuable branch of astronomy, the production of complete maps of the stars by aid of photography. The difficulty of completing the ecliptic charts of Chacornac, on account of the vast number of stars in the field of the telescope, first drew the attention of the Henrys to the necessity of employing the camera for their work; and now Admiral Mouchez, Director of the Paris Observatory,

invites co-operation for the production, within a few years, of photographic maps of all the stars in both hemispheres. The aid at once proffered by Dr. Gill, Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, will be most valuable for this work in the southern hemisphere. In England, Mr. Common is at present constructing a vast reflector to be employed partly on this work, and Mr. Roberts, President of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, has been for some months actively engaged on every fine night in a complete survey of the northern heavens with a twenty-inch Cassegrain reflector, especially constructed last year by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, for this purpose. The success that this method is sure to meet with in skilful hands will be easily realized from the single fact, that a trial plate, exposed by the Brothers Henry for one hour, contained no less than two thousand seven hundred and ninety stars, some of which did not exceed the fourteenth, or even the fifteenth magnitude. It is certainly no exaggeration to say, that "to have constructed such a chart by the ordinary astronomical methods would have entailed many months of hard labour": it was photographed in a single hour.

We have already seen how invaluable is the aid furnished by photography in providing reliable pictures of comets, and how necessary it is for depicting the intricate structure of the solar corona, visible for a few minutes only during the rare phenomenon of a total eclipse. But there are other objects in the heavens, which are always present, and yet which need the assistance of the photographer as much as either corona or comet. It would suffice to cast a very cursory glance at the careful monograph of the nebula of Orion by Professor Holden of Washington, to become at once convinced of the hopelessness of expecting reliable details in any artistic sketch of the most interesting, yet most mysterious bodies in the sky, the nebulae of the heavens. Compare together a few of the excellent and well-known drawings by Lord Rosse and Sir John Herschel, and however much you may admire the wonderful forms delineated, you cannot help longing for a photograph of each object, in order to feel some security about the details. Dr. H. Draper was perhaps the first to obtain any marked success in photographing the nebulae, but it was due to the persevering labours of Mr. Common that this art was brought so rapidly almost to perfection. Starting his experiments in 1874 with a modest refractor of five and a half inches aperture, he ex-

changed this instrument, in 1877, for a reflector of eighteen inches aperture, and this again gave place, in 1879, to one of thirty-six inches, with which he obtained, in 1883, the greatest triumph yet achieved in astronomy by the sensitive plate, the grand series of photographs of the nebulae of Orion, which richly merited the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1884. But not content even with such a success, brilliant though it was, Mr. Common has already discarded the reflector of thirty-six inches aperture, and is engaged at present in replacing it by a still more perfect instrument, which in such able hands will doubtless soon reap a most plenteous harvest.

And now we must pass to another branch of celestial photography, which opens out quite as vast a field as that which we have just surveyed so rapidly. We have seen the camera vigorously striving single-handed to render what aid it may to the science of astronomy, and nobly has it done its work, and wondrous have been the successes it has achieved ; and yet, hand in hand with the spectroscope, it is securing triumphs more wondrous still. The mapping of the solar spectrum, with its myriads of absorption lines in the range of colours, from red to violet, may well be compared, in its labour of execution, to the mapping of all the stars of the firmament. But here photography at once came to the rescue, not only by fixing the position of the lines in indefinitely less time, and with infinitely greater accuracy, than had been before possible, but also in increasing the number and quality of the lines. Thus we find in the photographs just completed by Professor Rowland with his curved gratings, that we can count one hundred and fifty lines at least between H and K, which constitute one double line in an ordinary spectrum.

Beyond the red and violet the eye cannot reach, but the chemical action of the waves of the ether are shown by Cornu and Mascart to stretch far into the ultra-violet ; and Captain Abney, by modifying the constitution of certain silver salts, has proved that the infra-red can also show its lines, and like the ultra-violet, extends far beyond the limits of human vision : so that the photographic spectrum is now four times the length of that visible to the eye.

And then again the spectra of sun-spots, which lead us down into the interior of our luminary, and tell so much of the nature of the gases and of the forces at work therein, are now observed

more rapidly and more accurately by the sensitive plate than by direct vision.

Or if we turn to the envelopes surrounding the sun, we find their nature, displayed by the spectroscope during solar eclipses in unmistakeable characters, can be read only most imperfectly without the aid of photography. Since 1868, when Janssen and Rayet, and our own countrymen, Tennant, and Herschel, and Pogson, first taught us something of the nature of the chromosphere and of the solar corona, by interpreting the lines seen in their spectroscopes, only a very few coronal lines have been accurately fixed by direct observation; and yet a single plate, prepared by Captain Abney for the eclipse of 1882, fixed exactly, in a little more than one minute, the positions of over thirty lines in the prominences of the chromosphere, whilst another of his plates determined more than twenty-seven lines of the corona.

But not only has the camera taught us much about the nature of the sun and its component gases, but in the experienced hands of Dr. Huggins, it has forced even the stars to tell their nature and to write their history. The first photographic spectrum of a star was secured by Dr. Huggins and Dr. W. A. Miller, in 1863, but it was not until 1876, that results of any great promise were obtained. The following year the researches of Dr. Huggins were taken up by Dr. H. Draper, and thus most excellent work was being done on both sides of the Atlantic, when an untimely death robbed America and the scientific world of one of its brightest ornaments and most indefatigable workers. From an examination of his stellar photographs, Dr. Huggins has been able not only to fix more satisfactorily the position of the spectral lines measured previously by eye observation, but he has also added new lines, and even obtained some indications of the relative ages of different types of stars.

The difficulty of photographing the spectrum of a star may be partly estimated from the fact that the image of the star must be steadily watched, sometimes for more than an hour, and kept exactly on the same point in the field of view. But a harder task still is to secure on the sensitive plate the spectral lines of a comet or of a nebula, and yet Dr. Huggins has succeeded perfectly in both, having photographed the spectrum of Tebbutt's comet in 1881, and also that of Wells' comet and of the nebula in Orion in 1882. Dr. H. Draper again

followed Huggins very closely in this new field of arduous labour; and we may now with confidence affirm, that no body in the heavens will long escape imprinting its features on the photographic plate, and recording on the same the nature of its constituent elements.

The very imperfect outline of the astronomical work of the photographer which I have been endeavouring to sketch in these few pages, will convey some idea of the various ways in which photography has already aided the astronomer, and of the immense services it is sure to render in the near future. But this must not lead us to the hasty conclusion, that the queen of the natural sciences has passed entirely into the hands of the photographer, to be controlled in future by him alone. That photography is invaluable to the astronomer, that it has become indispensable, no one would wish to deny; but it is quite another thing to affirm, that all, or even the greater part of future work in astronomy must be left to the photographer. The field of research has been enlarged, and old pastures are now under more perfect modes of cultivation, but there is still abundance of work to be done by the mathematician, by the patient observer at the telescope, and by the spectroscopist, as valuable, indeed, as if the camera had never been directed to a celestial object. Some would have us believe that, if we sincerely wish to advance the true interests of astronomy, our whole work now is to prepare perfect photographs for our posterity. But we shall do well to bear in mind that, if it is useful to study at leisure the photographs of the beautiful objects of nature, it is still more useful to examine nature herself. And if it be our duty to enable posterity accurately to compare the heavens of to-day with that of their own time, so that gradual and most important changes may be made more evident, this should not interfere with our present study of nature's laws, nor make us leave to future astronomers those deductions at which we can ourselves hope to arrive.

STEPHEN J. PERRY.

### *Going on Circuit.*

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THREATENED men, they say, live long. The proverb was never better exemplified than by the continuance of the English Assize Courts. Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds periodically protest that they must have resident Judges with full jurisdiction for themselves, and that they will submit no longer to have their disputes hung up for six months for settlement. Every now and then the newspapers talk of the absurdity of bringing an array of judges, sheriffs, grand-jurors, petty-jurymen, barristers and officials to some sleepy country town to try three prisoners and two trifling actions-at-law. Yet time goes on, and the old system remains unchanged. And in all probability it will remain unchanged for many years to come; for the truth is, that there is not work for a Judge of the High Court sitting permanently at Liverpool or Manchester; and it suits the counties better to have judges and barristers come to them at their own expense, than to be obliged to send prisoners, suitors, and witnesses to some distant town.

The first question a man asks himself after he is called to the Bar, if he chooses the common-law side of the profession, is, Shall I go on circuit? If he is a Londoner, he will probably decide the question in the negative. As soon as a man begins to get business in London, he finds that under the latter-day arrangements, going on circuit interferes seriously with his practice in the London courts, while it brings but very little grist to the mill. To "localize in London" is, for one who has any opening in London at all, probably the best thing to do. But if a young barrister hails from the shires, it is almost certain that he, or his father, or some one of his friends knows a country solicitor who will put some trifle in his way at sessions or assizes, and give him a chance of opening his mouth, though it be only to say, "I consent," on the moving of a respite. Any connection, however insignificant, is better than none; and the young

barrister therefore packs up his fresh black gown and his shiny new wig, and goes his first circuit.

Never, perhaps, in the course of his life, does a man so thoroughly feel like a friendless schoolboy, as during the first few days of his new experience. He has probably a nodding acquaintance with one or two of his comrades, with those at least, who are to propose and second him as a member of the circuit mess, but they are busy with their briefs or their friends, and forget his existence. The chat and laughter of older men who are bantering each other in the crowded little robing-room make him feel dreadfully young. No one notices him; nobody wants him. Some men have telegrams, papers, consultations to keep them busy, others have gossip, diversions of all sorts; he stands apart, half-amused, lonely, feeling dreadfully out of it. He follows the crowd of men into the criminal court—as likely as not, some one good-humouredly, but very plainly, hints to him that his proper place is at the tail of the procession—and he waits in patience as best he may, till the Grand Jury find their first “true bill.” The formal proceedings interest him a little at first, but soon their dreadful sameness wearies him; and the conviction presses itself upon his mind, that he is of no use whatever in this busy little world, that he can do nothing and (as he thinks) learn nothing, that he is as absolutely wasting his time as if he were lying under a tree with a novel. After a time the sense of loneliness wears off. He makes friends with some of the men around him, and is able to understand something of what is said at the mess-table of the incidents of the day. But surely of all tiresome, enervating ways of gaining knowledge, the hanging on in court, in a foul atmosphere which induces a mental languor it is impossible to shake off, listening to dreary routine, or uninteresting and half-understood details, is the most tiresome and the most enervating. It is the only way, however, of learning the practice of trials; and the man who means to succeed in his profession has to go through with it as best he can.

Of course the man who goes on circuit will join the circuit mess. The mess, he finds, is a great institution. It claims full jurisdiction over the professional conduct of its members, and takes cognizance of any matters, even in their private life, which may reflect upon their professional reputation. Not to join the mess is to be a pariah; to be expelled from it is nearly



as bad as to be disbarred—it is a blow from which few professional reputations can recover. The mess is governed by an Attorney-General, who is usually the leader of the circuit, a Solicitor-General, and one who is in most matters more important than either—the Junior. The Junior is a man who is going his first circuit, and who intends to go “the whole way round,” *i.e.*, to follow the Judges to every assize-town on the circuit. He acts as secretary and treasurer of the mess for the time being, conducts all correspondence, receives the members’ subscriptions, sees that the dinners are properly provided, conveys the necessary censure to those who in small matters may be erring from the path of etiquette—or who do not yet know how they may transgress with safety—and generally performs the necessary work. The post is a troublesome one; but it brings a man into notice with seniors, and is rather sought after in consequence. It is certainly a post of honour: the Junior always acts as vice-chairman at mess, and is always helped first at table.

A new member must have his name screened in the robing-room, with those of his proposer and seconder, for a certain number of days; and on some circuits he must also dine a certain number of times at mess before he is a member of it—on approbation, as it were. On the appointed day, the Attorney-General or his substitute rises after dinner and says, “Mr. Junior, call a court.” Thereupon the Junior rises, and calls out, “Messenger Brown, to the door!” Brown gets up, ejects the waiters, turns the key in the lock, and plants himself with his back to the door, where he remains till the close of the proceedings. Next, the Junior says, “Crier Smith, call a court.” Mr. Smith goes to the middle of the floor, and recites in monotone, as if he were a High Church curate reading prayers: “Oyez! oyez! oyez! All manner of persons that owe suit and service to this grand court of the — Circuit, let them draw near and give their attendance!”

If any guests are present, they are made to stand up, glass in hand, and pledge themselves to secrecy, on pain of forfeiting a quantity of wine, ratifying the pledge by drinking the wine. The tender consciences of teetotallers are not regarded; every stranger must take the pledge and toss off his wine, or leave the room.

Then the new members, being duly proposed and seconded, get up and “state their pretensions,” *i.e.*, declare their University,

their Inn, and the date of their call. If the date of the call is not recent, there are sure to be cries of disapproval. After the election, there are pretty sure to be some "congratulations" or "condolings." One will rise to say, "Mr. Junior, I beg to move that Hardy be condoled with. The cause is only too apparent." The Junior asks, "Is it the will of this court that Hardy be condoled with?" There are loud answering shouts of "Yes!" "How much?" asks the Junior. "One," responds the mess. "One," means one bottle of wine, or five shillings. The fact is that Hardy has been out for a walk before dinner, and has sat down in a tweed coat. Perhaps he ventures a word of explanation. "Aggravation! Aggravation!" resounds on all sides. Some one gravely rises and moves that Hardy be condoled with once more; and Hardy is down for another bottle of wine. Perhaps a man gets up and complains that Martin has applied to him an offensive and indecent epithet, and he moves that Martin be condoled with. The form is gone through; and Martin is fined to his amazement. He afterwards learns that he has addressed his learned brother as "Mr. —," it being against the rule to use the prefix at all in the mess-room. If it happens to be "Grand Court night," the congratulations and condolences go on merrily. To be absent means a condoling of two at least; for an Attorney-General it may be ten or fifteen bottles of wine. To have got married, to have had a son and heir, to have been presented by a Q.C. with a red bag (the symbol of being recognized as fairly in practice), to have obtained an appointment, to have published a book, to have said or done anything out of the way, are all proper occasions for "congratulation."

After the Junior has noted the fines in his little book, the Attorney-General (supposing it to be Grand Court night) begins a harangue, in which his object is to make as much fun as possible of the more prominent members of the circuit. Personal peculiarities, professional shortcomings, defects of morals or of temper, are satirized with a breadth and freedom of speech, which are probably allowed in no other assembly in the world. The man who is fond of wine, or overbearing in his temper, or suspected of underhand transactions, hears his failings freely alluded to, amid roars of laughter. He must grin and bear it, consoling himself with the thought that his tormentor's turn will come next, and that next day all will be forgotten. The Solicitor-General follows with his contri-

bution of satire, if in the form of a song, so much the better. After a song or two, the court is closed by the crier chanting as before: "Oyez! oyez! oyez! All manner of persons that owe suit and service to this Grand Court of the — Circuit, let them depart hence, and give their attendance another time— God save the — Circuit and the Queen!"

To put the Queen's name first is to be condoled with, to a certainty. Then the big men, who have kept their heads clear all the time, slip away to their briefs, and sit over them till long after midnight, while the younger men keep up the fun with song and jest under an all-encircling cloud of smoke.

There can be no doubt that the circuit mess, with its various little eccentricities, is a most useful institution. It formulates and expresses the public opinion of the Bar, and serves as a healthy check upon men who may be apt, in their anxiety to get business, to descend to questionable means of securing it; though in this direction, it must be confessed, its power is not what it once was. It is the means of bringing men together, and providing the stranger with friends who often prove serviceable and true. It has been known to act as an informal appeal-court from the too hasty judgment of the Bench, and clear the character of its members from unjust accusations. Few things can be more satisfactory to a man who feels that he has been hardly treated by a Judge, that his conduct has been condemned on insufficient grounds, than to demand a searching investigation from a thoroughly able and impartial tribunal, composed of men of similar standing to that of the Judge who condemned him, and have the facts gone into and his character cleared from stain. And the lighter benefits conferred by the mess are nearly as important. The ten or fifteen guineas paid on entrance towards the wine fund and the two guineas subscribed every assizes for the same object are not thrown away. When men are in the habit of dining together, they get to regard each other with a certain feeling of good-fellowship, which helps to counteract the effect of the wrangling and squabbling that it is so difficult for a successful advocate to avoid. The benevolence that is born of claret and port may be rather an earthly species of charity, but it is better than nothing, and does good service at times. And here it may be observed that care is taken that the port and claret shall be capable of producing something better than headaches. Each circuit has its wine-comptroller,

and keeps its own cellar, and its travelling butler, paying a sum for "corkage" (a shilling or so for every cork drawn under his roof), to the landlord of the hotel at which the mess dinner is held, by way of solatium for the slighting of his wines.

In the old posting days it was against etiquette, and altogether a forbidden thing for a barrister on circuit to stay at an hotel, where he was liable to meet solicitors, witnesses, and other unrecognizable persons. That rule, however, has long been abandoned; and the consequence is that the expenses of going circuit are simply two guineas, plus railway fares, plus hotel expenses for the time the assizes last. The most dignified way is still, however, to take lodgings; but unless two men club together, as they often do, lodgings are dearer than living in the hotel where the mess is held, and using the mess-room for a sitting-room. The Assize Ball is now very much a thing of the past. There is sometimes a cricket-match got up between the circuit and the officers from a neighbouring town, but the old days when the barristers on circuit were looked on as distinguished strangers to whom some honour and hospitality were due, are gone for ever.

As a rule, the young barrister who is without a connection among solicitors, must make up his mind to stick pretty closely by his circuit. If he has friends in "the other branch," he will find it more profitable to dine with them, as the lax modern etiquette allows him to do, than at the mess-table. But if he can afford to be virtuous, or has no opportunity of sinning in this respect, he may find that it pays to make friends among those of his own legal complexion. They will soon find out whether he has any brains; if they find he has, sooner or later they will ask him "to look up a point" for them, or "take a note," or "do a pleading," and in time they will mention his name as an arbitrator, or act so that the solicitors in some case will learn his name, and understand that he has been thought worthy to help a great man. That is, after all, perhaps the most legitimate way for a man without connections of his own to get on at the Bar. Even if the leaders come to the conclusion that a man's brains are not of the first quality, still if he sticks to his circuit he may get a revising barristership, or some other picking, though a solicitor has a far better chance of getting an appointment, now-a-days, than a member of the Bar. It is not absolutely necessary for a man to have practice in order to

succeed. If the leaders recognize that an old comrade has ability and a high sense of honour, he may get a county-court judgeship (which is worth £1,500 a year), or some inferior post, before he breaks his heart altogether.

Going on circuit is, in fact, not so totally useless a performance for a man who has no practice, as it seems to be. He is always learning something, through his skin, as it were. In the course of some years he will make an infinitely better colonial magistrate or judge than an untrained man with ten times his ability, or a man really learned in the law who has not witnessed some hundreds of trials. And the life is not without its enjoyments, especially for those who have a few briefs, and hope of more to come, without being overburdened with work. It lends a wonderful interest to the thing, when one has two or three prisoners or "civil briefs" to look after. The young barrister feels then that he is paying his way, and that his foot is fairly on the ladder. And a man never feels the burden of years so light as when he is on circuit. The companionship of one's seniors and contemporaries, the air of ease that belongs to the mess-room and the robing-room, the perfect freedom of utterance, the prevailing good humour, all tend to make one feel a boy once more. Altogether, for a man on whom the anxieties of the future do not press too heavily, there are few pleasanter experiences than going on circuit.

JOHN LEYS.

### *To Iceland and back.*

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WE started from Edinburgh. The "tender" took us off from Granton pier to the *Camoens*, lying at anchor outside the harbour. A Danish steamer, sailing out of Copenhagen to Iceland, touches at Leith to pick up passengers, but, as the *Camoens* is the only British ship on the line, it may be well to give some account of her. She is an iron steamer of 808 tons register, with no pretence to exterior elegance, but enjoying the reputation of being a good sea-boat, and having a rather handsome cabin, capable of accommodating about thirty passengers. The saloon is under the quarter-deck, and therefore gets the full benefit of the whirling, thumping screw. The table was fairly good, the attendance bad, one steward being on his back with lumbago, and the other not very capable. But drawbacks like these are amply compensated for by the pleasure of getting off the beaten track, and ploughing a lonely ocean in search of a land which the tourist has not yet reduced to a bad replica of England or France.

About eleven o'clock, on a Saturday morning in August, we weighed and got to sea. One by one the islands of Inch Keith, Fidre, the Lamb, in front of North Berwick, Craig Leith, and May slipped by on our right, and we had cleared the Firth of Forth. On our left was the Inch Cape Bell. The sea was calm, and yet the swell from time to time threw a shower of spray half-way up to the lantern. The next morning we had a head-wind blowing a thick mist in our faces, and we understood that we were about opposite to the entrance of the Pentland Firth, between Caithness and the Orkneys. Here we "lay to" for some hours, partly because we could not see before us, and partly because it would have been useless to take a ship that makes only nine knots an hour into a tide running against us at the rate of ten or eleven. By mid-day both difficulties had vanished, and, rounding Duncansby Head, we dashed full speed into the Scotch Euripus, keeping to the south of Swona

Island, where the tide serves soonest. Precarious navigation this must often be, with fogs, swift currents, and narrow sluices. First comes the Bore of Duncansby, where, as we passed over a reef in six fathom water, the waves stood on end, shaking their white heads like they do at times off Portland Bill. A little further on, near the Island of Stroma, the sea was swirling and seething, boiling up from the bottom, and spreading out in glassy sheets, that brought back to memory the treacherous look of Beauharnais or La Chene. One of the officers narrated how he was, some years ago, on board a schooner, off the Pentland Skerries, when the fog coming on and the wind dying away, the vessel was caught by the stream and drifted helplessly, turning round and round, till at last, when the weather cleared, the crew found that they had been carried through the Firth and were afloat in the North Atlantic. Many a time, on the other hand, the unlucky skipper who for want of a breeze has been unable to work the passage on the ebb tide, is carried by the flow back to the end from which he started. But here we are at the western outlet of this dangerous waterway, with the bluff Dunnet Head on our left, and on our right the Old Man of Hoy, a tall rock rising from the sea, and towering over the long spit of land ending in Hoy Head. From here to Iceland we met not a single sail. It was calm, but the ship rolled heavily on the swell left by recent gales, pushing her way through a waste of lonely water, with no sign of life, except the gulls that followed in our wake, or an occasional whale or a shark. Fogs and mists had been frequent, and consequently few satisfactory observations had been taken, when on the fifth day, feeling that Iceland must lie somewhere on our right, in fact that we must be sailing past it, we headed up to the north-east, and, after steaming in that direction for a few hours, came upon it, a bank of thick fog, through the top of which appeared a huge glacier, and mountains striped and reticulated with snow. The course was then again altered, and we sailed along the land bearing down on the Westmann Islands, a cluster of rocks some ten or fifteen miles from the south-west extremity of Iceland, and said to have been first colonized by Irishmen, whence their name. A weird and desolate group they looked, sepia precipices, topped with scant mantles of brilliant green, standing bolt-upright from the deep, their contorted faces stained in broad grey seams, where the dung of countless sea-birds had washed down from shelves and ledges in the rain, and their steaming



flanks wrapt in transparent vapours, which, as they flew up the swarthy cliffs, or were whisked by the wind through verdant hollows, mimicked the changing hues and pearly light of northern streamers, till they were torn to shreds among the rugged peaks, and so melted away. In a sheltered corner on the largest island, called Heimaly, or Home Island, nestled the lonely settlement of five hundred souls, a sprinkling of huts, with their tiny church, and their flagstaff and its bright red pennon, on a slope of pasture land, where sheep were grazing at the foot of an extinct volcano. We had some three hundred sacks of flour on board, the winter store of these hardy islanders. But a fresh breeze having sprung up from the south-east, the captain declined an invitation to their cosy-looking bay, where two small vessels lay snugly at anchor. A boat showed her nose between some ugly stumps of rock at the back of the island, but seeing how things looked outside, she disappeared again, and we sailed on. The weather was warm and genial while the sun was up, but now, at the close of day, we began to realize our proximity to the Arctic regions. Notwithstanding, however, what has been said by other travellers, the cold seemed to us to be that of Canada rather than of England, not penetrating the bones, but bracing the nerves like a tonic, and invigorating the whole system. Nor was it so great as might have been expected, seeing that for hours we had been sailing in full view of the Jökulls of Myrdal and Eyjafjalla, and not beyond the influence of the Klofa Jökull, a dreary snow waste of three thousand square miles, which has never yet been invaded by man. We were reminded, too, that we had reached the realms of the whale. One fellow rushed madly across our bows, with his huge back shining above the water, while many more sportively blew their spray showers on either side, till darkness gradually settled down, and we were wrapped again in an appropriate fog, which obliged us to slow our engines for the night.

It was now Thursday morning, our sixth day at sea. During the night we had doubled Cape Reikianess, at the end of the long promontory called Guldbrand Syssel, which forms the south-west extremity of Iceland, and were running up the Faxa Fiord to Reykjavik. It is rather more than a thousand years since the bold Ingolf, rendered desperate by the tyranny of Harold Harfragra, threw the door of his Norwegian home overboard somewhere about here, and watching it from his deck, saw it drift, guided by the fates, to the beach where the city

which he founded still stands; and yet there is nothing to distinguish this ancient capital from an American border town of twelve months' growth. A hundred or two of detached dwellings, and here and there a warehouse, like grey packing cases of unequal dimensions, straggling in disorder along a winding shore, with small red flags flying from the roofs in honour of our arrival, a windmill, a church, at each end hovels roofed with green sods, and in the background purple mountains, a quay of piles in front, with wooden jetties sloping down to the sea, where several smart looking schooners and two French men-of-war lie at anchor: such is Reykjavik at first sight. A closer acquaintance gave little to add and nothing to alter. The buildings, with few exceptions, are of wood, sometimes roofed with corrugated iron. There are no carriages of any kind, except a hand-lorry for carrying blocks of lava, the only kind of stone to be seen, and one small cart. The streets, like the beach, are strewn with lava shingle, and they tail down to bridle tracks just outside the town, so that nothing can be taken into the interior that will not fit on a pack-saddle, or hang on the flanks of a pony. Of course everybody can ride. The saddle used by ladies is a legless, low-backed arm-chair, strapped sideways on to the horse. There are three hotels in Reykjavik, where good plain food may be had and clean beds, and where English is freely spoken.

One of our first cares was to look for the Catholic Church. We found it on a rising ground to the east of the town, standing in a tun, or field, where hay was being made. The priest, the Rev. J. B. Baudoin, we learnt had gone home to France, and there died ten years ago. The house and chapel are still in charge of his housekeeper, Madame Jacobine Thorgrimsson. The Catholic population at the present time consists of two, an Irishman lately settled in Reykjavik, and a young Iclander, who lives at the other end of the island, which, by the way, is considerably larger than Ireland. The rest of the people are Lutherans, but there is apparently no anti-Catholic prejudice, and we were assured that another priest would be heartily welcomed. The land belonging to the church is some of the best in the country, and, if put in the market, it would be snapped up immediately. The church would seat about eighty people. Like the house, it is of wood, and both are in perfect order. Over the altar is a picture of the Sacred Heart, with statues of our Lady and St. Joseph, one at each side. The

lamp still hangs in the sanctuary, and locked up in the tabernacle we found a couple of chalices, large and small ciboriums, and a remonstrance. Under the altar, at the back, were stowed away vestments of all sorts. In fact nothing was wanting for Mass or Benediction except bread and wine.

In the house there is a cheerful sitting-room, a bed-room, and a library, which we used as a dining-room. The shelves are filled with theological and controversial works, cyclopædias, dictionaries, and other such books as a missionary is likely to want. Most of them bore the stamp of the Prefect Apostolic of the Arctic regions. We took particular care to inform the commanders of the war ships that there would be Mass on Sunday. It was not so easy to advertise it in the town. However, a notice written in Icelandic was posted up, and the church was well filled with natives, but there came not a single Frenchman.

In the fields round the church we noticed a phenomenon which, from subsequent observation, we concluded must be common all over the island. The turf does not lie flat, but bulges up into hillocks, like ant-hills, about a yard apart, and we were told that if they were cut down and levelled they would grow up again in course of time. We could get no explanation of it. Perhaps it is that the soil, being light and shallow, gets frozen through in winter, and the expansion then causes it to buckle up here and there in some slight degree. In the summer the ice would melt, but the sod would not sink down again of its own weight, and the upheaved parts in the following winter would act as sponges at first, soaking up abundant moisture, and so preparing themselves for further expansion when the frost returned. Thus, by slow degrees, the ground would acquire a mammillated appearance. There is, however, a limit to the growth of these hills, for when they reach eighteen or twenty inches in height the turf around the base bursts, and so puts a stop to further development.

The literary tastes of the Icelanders began to show themselves at a very early date. The most brilliant period in their history was from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Many distinguished men have appeared since that time, but on the whole there has been an unmistakeable decline. One cause of this would doubtless be the disappearance of the Benedictines from Thingeyra, where in old times they had a monastery. This event took place probably about the year 1550, when

Lutheranism was introduced. There is a College in Reykjavik where one hundred and twenty students, from different parts of the island, are prepared for various walks of professional life. The course, however, which includes Latin, Greek, English, German, Danish, and French, would seem to be rather too comprehensive to be solid. It must, nevertheless, be borne in mind that Latin and Greek are useful for scientific men, while English, Danish, and French are almost indispensable for everybody in Iceland. Schools in the country are out of the question. The distance from house to house, the shortness of the days for half the year, and the absence of roads would render it perilous, if not impossible, for children to attend. But reading is an accomplishment handed down from father to son, and we were assured that there were few young people who could not while away an hour with the myths of Odin, or the history of doughty deeds done by Icelandic warriors lang syne, as recorded in the ancient Sagas, a fact which would go far to prove that the language had suffered little change for the last five hundred years. One day when I was waiting in a hotel two gentlemen entered, one of whom addressed me in Icelandic. The conversation, as might have been expected, did not progress satisfactorily, so my friend made a diversion, and said: *Loquerisne Latinam linguam?* Shall I confess it? I felt a sensation of relief that, being in his cups, he supplied me with a plausible reason for contenting myself with a simple *Aliquando*, an answer which he kept repeating with much gusto at the top of his voice, while I withdrew. The efforts therefore of the College authorities are not wholly thrown away. The College library is of a sober and impressive character, classical, theological, and historical works occupying the shelves to the almost total exclusion of lighter, not to mention light, literature. The President, Dr. Jon Thorkellsson, who kindly came out of his study to attend us, produced for our inspection a folio Lutheran Bible, in very good type, printed at Holar, by Jon Jonsson, in 1584. The title-page, which is said to have been engraved by a Lutheran Bishop, bears an illustrated border, representing the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and in this last picture the Blessed Virgin occupies the central place. But, wicked as he was, neither the hatred of the Mother of Jesus, nor the iconoclasm, which form so dark and retrograde a feature in English Protestantism, was included in Luther's

programme, so that we were not surprised at the artist's grouping, any more than we were, on other occasions, when allowed to hang little crucifixes round the necks of children, without any remonstrance on the part of the mothers, one of whom was the wife of a Lutheran "priest." A professor who accompanied us, pointed out a passage in *Sturlunga Saga* where America is spoken of under the name, Wineland. An account of an expedition to Wineland is also given in *Eiriks Saga Randa*, or the Story of Eirik the Red. The professor, while we were reading the passage in a translation, delicately reminded us that Columbus had been to Iceland.

We were fortunate enough to be in Reykjavik during the sitting of the Allthing, or Parliament, which met of old in the world-renowned plain of Thingvalla. The Parliament House is a substantial edifice, built of lava, abundance of which may be had just outside the town, where the ground is thickly strown with loose blocks of volcanic rock. The entrance is by a commodious hall, with seats at each side, and a staircase of iron and wood in front. As we reached the first landing, a gentleman, whom we afterwards recognized seated in the Presidential Chair of the Commons, came forward to meet us. Speaking in French, he asked if we were Englishmen, and then courteously conducted us into both Houses. As business was about to commence, he had soon to leave us, but he first showed us to the Strangers' Gallery. This resort is open to the public, and on both occasions when we visited it, we found it completely filled, chiefly with natives, both male and female. The Upper and Lower Houses are very much alike. Each consists of a room of about forty feet by thirty, carpeted, and neatly painted. Opposite to the Strangers' Gallery sits the President. The Governor, distinguished by his gold lace, has a chair a little to his right. Immediately in front of him are the reporters, and outside them, ranged in a semicircle, are the members of Parliament, the Government, of course, on the President's right, and the Opposition on his left. The electors, that is, all men who are of age and pay taxes, send up thirty representatives. These thirty then select six out of their own number to sit in the Upper House, and the King of Denmark nominates six more. Thus the Lower House consists of twenty-four members, and the Upper of twelve, who are presided over by the Lutheran Bishop. The King retains a veto on all bills, and, I believe, he does not scruple to use his right. He also appoints the

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Governor, and as the Governor cannot be in two places at the same time, the sittings of the two Houses are not simultaneous. The Commons sit first for an hour or two, and then the Upper House takes its turn.

Formerly the trade of Iceland was monopolized by the Danes, who paid for her exports in kind. This oppressive custom was swept away in 1874, the thousandth anniversary of the colonization of the island, when the King of Denmark paid a visit to Reykjavik, and granted the present Constitution. To Jon Sigurdsson is Iceland chiefly indebted for the large measure of autonomy which she enjoys, and, to mark their sense of gratitude, his countrymen have hung his portrait over the Opposition benches, facing that of the King, which presides over the Ministry. The Governor's gold braid reminds me that he and the two policemen are the only people in uniform. There are no customs' officers, and no soldiers. It seems that when a person is sentenced by a magistrate to a term of imprisonment, he is allowed to fill in his time by instalments, doing a day or two now, and a day or two again, as he finds convenient. But as a matter of fact, the "lock-up" is found to be one of those luxuries of civilization with which Icelanders can very well dispense.

On the top story of the Parliament House, two rooms, very inadequate for the purpose, have been set apart for a museum, in which is exhibited, with a touching confidence in the honesty of visitors, an exceedingly interesting collection of relics, which show that Catholicity, introduced in A.D. 981, by a Saxon Bishop, Friederich, must have taken deep root in very early times. An ancient reredos, in painted alabaster, now much broken, came from Reynistad. It represents St. Peter on the Gospel side, then the capture of Jesus, the Scourging, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Burial, the Resurrection, and lastly St. Paul. An old wooden pulpit, supported at the corners by four figures, on which have been painted the names, St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Luke, is also from Reynistad. There are two wooden baptismal fonts. The basin in one of them, from the Cathedral of Skalholt, is made of brass. From the same Cathedral came a large gold chalice and paten, of beautiful workmanship, and probably of much more recent date. The centre of the paten bears an enamel of our Lord, with His arms outstretched, and the world under His feet. The foot of the chalice is octagonal, and on four



alternate segments are enamels of Christ blindfolded, the Scourging, the Carrying of the Cross, and the Crucifixion. Several square slabs of stone, smooth on top, but rough-hewn underneath, were shown to us as things the use of which was unknown. One of them was in a thick wooden frame. They were evidently mediæval altar-stones, although they had neither crosses at the corners, nor any place for relics. There were also carved groups of our Lady and Child, with St. Elizabeth, and several large crucifixes, some telling of considerable skill in the sculptor, others rude as anything produced by art in its most degenerate days, besides handsome gold pectoral crosses and chains, gold reliquaries, embroidered vestments, and many other spoils of the old Church. Except these spoils, there is little else of much value, for here, as in every other country to which it spread, the Reformation extinguished art, and before that time the Church was almost its only patron.<sup>1</sup>

It would be unfair to form an opinion of the national character of Icelanders during so short a stay as we made among them. People say they are lethargic, apathetic, indolent, and that, although reduced in winter to the verge of starvation, they will not emigrate, lest they should have to work, preferring destitution with ease to abundance with exertion. Englishmen, are rather apt, I think, to pass such sentences of sweeping condemnation on other people, forgetting that it is not the same thing to live in the Arctic regions, or the tropics, as to live in England. But climate is not the only influence that the Ice-lander has had to contend with. In the first place, his food is not ambrosial. There is in the country a race of unhappy-looking little cows, which, when killed, make something not exactly like beef, and there is mutton. An attempt was made to naturalize the reindeer, but he fled to the mountains and died. Milk, butter, and cheese are also to be had, and in some of the rivers and lakes, good salmon, and trout of three or four pounds weight, abound. As for fruit, it is unknown, except as jam in the hotels. The staple of life is salt cod and black bread. After a meal of this sort few of us would feel heroic. But this is perhaps the weakest plea in his defence. Pestilence, famine,

<sup>1</sup> The eminent convert, Dr. Wm. von Schütz, says that Goethe once observed to him: "Down to the period of the Reformation a spirit of indescribable sweetness, solace, and hope seems to live and breathe in all these paintings—everything in them seems to announce the Kingdom of Heaven. But since the Reformation something painful, desolate, almost evil, characterises works of art, and, instead of faith, scepticism is often transparent" (Moehler's *Symbolism*).



terrible eruptions, inroads of pirates from Algiers, oppressive laws, in a word, calamities of all sorts, have for ages played against him. During the last ten centuries, the eruptions of Hecla average one in every twenty years. Curiously enough, five have been simultaneous, or nearly so, with eruptions of Vesuvius, four with eruptions of Etna, and one with eruptions of both Vesuvius and Etna. One began in June, 1784, and lasted until May, 1785. Another began in 1845, and lasted more than a year, pouring out a deluge of lava, which, at two miles from the crater, measured a mile in width, and between forty and fifty feet in depth. Some of the ashes, on this occasion, were carried as far as the Orkney Islands. In 1755, Katlegia destroyed fifty farms. In 1783, other volcanos, of the Vatna, or Klofa Jökull ridge, buried whole districts with lava. One stream is said to have measured forty miles in length by seven wide. Another, taking its rise in the Skapta Jökull, filled up the bed of a river to a depth of several hundred feet, and then, overflowing the sides, and finding its way into a lake, sent the water flying away in steam, and took its place, inundating with molten metal a district of some fifty miles by twelve. The air, and all the water in the neighbourhood, was so poisoned with ashes and noxious vapours, that a pestilence broke out, followed by a famine, by which nine thousand people, besides thousands of horses and cattle, were carried off within two years. Not to count small craters, there are in Iceland twenty-nine volcanos, and nine of these have been in a state of activity within the last hundred years.

Then, as if fire and frost had conspired, so that the ruin which the one failed to effect might be accomplished by the other, every now and then huge icebergs, from Greenland, have borne down on the devoted island, and, after landing a polar bear or two to ravage the flocks, have taken their stand on the coast, apparently with the deliberate purpose of killing the short summer with their icy breath. The interior of the country is a desert, where the traveller may ride for days without seeing a hut, or meeting a man. Even in the more frequented parts his path is lonely enough. Guided by cairns of stones he has to traverse barren plateaus, districts covered with rough boulders, drifts of volcanic sand, and beds of lava corded with dross, gathered in lines and ringlets on the surface, while the tide of fire was pushing on beneath. The hard crust is split with deep chasms, sometimes yawning wide, and bearing a lapful of crystal

water ; sometimes mere chinks, with inky pools hiding at the bottom, under a fringe of fern, and still as death. In the offing are crags and precipices, the abode of ravens, jagged peaks, cones, broken craters, and snow-capped mountains, with clouds of steam hanging on their purple sides, over festering mud-springs, and cauldrons boiling on perpetual fires. From time to time one comes upon a gloomy tarn, or wades through a torrent, or surveys a wide and silent lake, sleeping in a valley, with desolate islands floating on its bosom. The outlines are beautiful, even majestic, but the colouring of living nature is absent. The green herb and the fruit-tree have not yet been brought forth. All is in neutral tints. All is austere, naked, and deathlike, as if it were only yesterday that the waters had been gathered together in one place to let the dry land appear. Here and there indeed a stunted birch, or a willow, starves rather than grows, for mould has been thrown only in patches, and with a sparing hand, in sheltered nooks and corners, or by the river-side. Of wild flowers, the dandelion, the ox-eye, the cotton reed, gentian, a giant crowfoot, grass of Parnassus, shepherd's purse, and a dwarf catch-fly, seem quite at home. The potato, the lettuce, and the raddish, pluckily brave it out, but they look cold, and watery, and unripe, for the only crop the land will bear is a short, fine grass. Bred and born in these surroundings, it is hardly to be wondered at if the Icelfander lacks something of the indomitable activity and enterprise of the Britisher. The wonder to me is rather how he manages to do so much. In the summer he has to gather sufficient fodder to feed his flocks of sheep and his small breed of oxen during the long winter. Then he exports considerable quantities of fine wool, raw and manufactured, seal-skins, eider down, dried fish, and other products of the sea. A colony of eider ducks live on an island opposite to Reykjavik, and nobody is allowed to fire a gun within a mile or two of the place, for fear of frightening them away. Dainty-looking birds they are. The male has a yellow beak, black crest, green occiput, a white body, belly and tail black, and green legs. The female has beak and legs green, and the body a dull brown. She plucks the down off her breast to line her nest, and the farmer then comes and steals it. The anxious mother does the same again, and again is robbed. Then the male comes to her help, and strips off his own coat, which, not being so fine as that of his helpmate, is left untouched. But, to return to the Icelfander, he carries on also a large trade

in shark oil. A fleet of a hundred sail is engaged in this industry. When the shark is caught, his liver is taken out, and the carcass thrown overboard. In a fortnight or three weeks a vessel will return to port with one hundred and twenty casks of liver, which is boiled down at a grimy and noisome little shed, in the suburbs, and the oil is sent to Germany.

But the "blue peter" is flying, and we must get on board again. Our cargo consisted of six hundred and eighty-four horses, and four bullocks. Fortunately the weather was perfect. Bright and warm, and no wind. The sea was as smooth as a lake. This was fortunate for the horses. The hold was divided into squares by a strong rail, each square being calculated to accommodate six or seven horses. They were packed so tight that if one fell down he could not get up again without help; he would be trampled to death. Some of the crew have therefore to be constantly in attendance, and they are paid five shillings a day, besides their wages, if they bring home the cargo without much loss. The horses are about thirteen hands high, duns, chestnuts, white, and piebald. From birth they have been used to hardship. They have carried heavy loads twenty or thirty miles a day, and been turned out at night hobbled, to pick up a frugal meal of grass. All during the long winter they have had to rough it in the open, never entering a stable, and obliged to root under the snow for their food. But this must have been child's play to what some of them endure on the passage to Scotland, even in a calm sea. Such of them as are fortunate enough to be near the open hatches fare pretty well. But away in the after part of the ship the atmosphere is stifling, and the fumes of ammonia are so strong that the men can hardly open their eyes, and are obliged to come out frequently to breathe. Of course it is impossible to sweep out the hold. Compressed hay is shipped for food. It is thrown in on the horses' backs, and as they do not stand with their heads all one way, they have to get it as they can, and much of it is trampled under foot. The watering of them was a different matter. The men had to hold the bucket for each horse, and, as far as I saw the operation, they seemed to do it faithfully. It was the slave trade in horses. One of them went mad, so that he had to be killed and thrown overboard. A mare gave birth to a little one. They were put by themselves in a loose box, near the open hatches, and met with much sympathy from the passengers. Poor patient brutes, condemned, most of them, to

spend the rest of their lives imprisoned in our coal-pits. Some will be picked up for tradesmen's carts, and some for boys to ride. They are sold in Granton for £10 or £12 a pair, and assuredly they are worth it. There were many hundreds of them in Reykjavik, but I never saw one bite, or kick, or shy, or go lame.

The second day we were at sea, while coasting along the south of the island, a plump little snow-bunting came on board. At first he was very timid, only venturing to rest high up in the rigging, or somewhere else out of reach; but he gradually became bold enough to hop along the deck within a yard or two of us. We were afraid he would starve, but he found out a store of provisions in one of the quarter-boats, and the mists at night, or light rains, supplied him with drink, so he made himself quite at home. One day I saw him hop into one of the deck cabins, where the mate slept, and at last he threw off all reserve, and flew down the hold, where he hopped about on the backs of the horses. His confidence made him a general favourite, and he remained to amuse us until we came within sight of a small, uninhabited island on the coast of Scotland, when, unable to resist the seductions of a grassy slope, he flew away. Alas, poor little emigrant, he miscalculated either the distance or his own strength, and before reaching land his flight became weaker and weaker, his course lower and lower, till he fell exhausted into the sea, and was drowned!

JAMES F. SPLAINE.

*In Tempore Adventus.*

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VENI, veni, Emmanuel!  
Captivum solve Israel,  
Qui gemit in exilio,  
Privatus Dei Filio:  
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel  
Nascetur pro te Israel!

Veni, O Jesse virgula!  
Ex hostis tuos ungula,  
De specu tuos tartari,  
Educ, et antro barathri;  
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel  
Nascetur pro te Israel!

Veni, veni, O Oriens!  
Salvare nos adveniens!  
Noctis depelle nebulas,  
Dirasque mortis tenebras:  
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel  
Nascetur pro te Israel!

Veni, clavis Davidica,  
Regna reclude cœlica,  
Fac iter tutum superum,  
Et claude vias inferum,  
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel  
Nascetur pro te Israel!

Veni, veni, Adonai!  
Qui populo in Sinai  
Legem dedisti vertice,  
In majestate gloriæ.  
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel  
Nascetur pro te Israel!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The text of this mediæval Advent hymn is taken from the Rev. W. J. Loftie's *Latin Year*, p. 245. It is also to be found, with two or three variations, in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, ii. 336.

*An Advent Hymn.*

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Come, O Emmanuel, come !  
And set Thy Israel free,  
Who weeps in exile and in chains,  
O Son of God, bereft of Thee :  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Will soon be born for Israel !

Come, Rod of Jesse, come !  
From hoofs of demon foe  
Save us, and from the cave of Hell,  
And from the dark abyss below :  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Will soon be born for Israel !

Come, Thou our Dayspring, come !  
And with Thy coming save ;  
Disperse afar the clouds of night,  
And the dread darkness of the grave :  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Will soon be born for Israel !

Come, Key of David, come !  
Open the realms on high,  
Make safe and clear the heavenly path,  
And close the ways of Hell for aye.  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Will soon be born for Israel !

Come, O Adonai, come !  
Who, in all glorious might,  
Unto Thy people gavest the law  
Of old on Sinai's mountain height.  
    Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel  
    Will soon be born for Israel !

## *Missions of the Equatorial Lakes.*

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### III.—MISSION OF TANGANYIKA (*concluded*).

MEANWHILE the situation of Father Dromaux and his companion continued most critical, exposed as they were at every moment to the danger of a renewed attack on the part of their savage neighbours. The Waroumougouë, too, who are a timid, peaceful race, were equally apprehensive of a fresh inroad, and suggested to their guests the advisability of their withdrawal beyond their frontiers, representing their own inability to afford them efficient protection. The missionary could no longer hesitate, and, bidding a sad adieu to the scene of so many sacrifices, and to the graves so lately closed over the bodies of his martyred brethren, embarked with his young orphans on the waters of the lake, and directed his course to the newly-established mission of Mouloueva.

The same year, 1881, which witnessed the glorious victory of these three valiant soldiers of the Cross, brought from their former home in Algeria a fresh band of combatants to fill the void made by death in the ranks of the missionaries, and enable them to carry on the war against the powers of Hell with renewed vigour. This third caravan sent by Mgr. Lavigerie consisted of eight Algerian Fathers and the same number of auxiliary Zouaves, who all happily arrived without loss, and in good health, at the village of Mdabourou, near the borders of Ugogo. Here it was considered advisable to establish a station, which would not only form a fresh missionary centre, but would serve the important purpose of a resting and victualling post for future caravans before entering the perilous tract of country that separates Mdabourou from Tabora. In accomplishing this object they met with every encouragement from the chief of the district, who readily provided them with temporary accommodation until they should be able to proceed to the erection of a permanent dwelling.

Having completed his arrangements for the new foundation



Father Guillet, the leader of the caravan, lost no time in pursuing his journey to Tabora. His successful efforts for the establishment of a permanent station in that important locality, and the inauguration of an extensive orphanage for the training of the negro children, have been already described in our notes upon the Mission of the Nyanza.

Before resuming the route to Ujiji, where he was appointed to undertake the general direction of the Tanganyika Mission with the title of Pro-Vicar, the zealous missionary was destined to encounter a serious attack of that pestilential fever whose fatal effects were already testified by four white crosses erected over the tombs of his brethren on a neighbouring hill. The effects of this disease, which acts powerfully upon the brain, are very curious, and can hardly be conceived except by those who have experienced them. "Sometimes," writes Father Guillet, "I fancied that I saw three fevers before me, and was delighted at the sight, as I thought that I could easily dispatch them one by one. Taking an imaginary sword in my hand, I struck out right and left, to the extreme amazement of Father Blanc, who had great trouble in persuading me that I was alone, and that no one was trying to do me any harm. On another occasion, in a fit of delirium I saw in myself two distinct persons, one passive and the other active. The two were holding a lively discussion, and trying their best to convince each other. At other times my fancies were so confused that it was impossible to follow them out or analyze them." Happily, through the tender nursing of his brethren, and by the help of a good constitution, Father Guillet was able to surmount the violence of the attack, and after a time recovered his usual health. The first two years of their residence in the country are in fact the critical period for the newly-arrived missionaries. During that time they have to undergo repeated attacks of fever, which may, however, be usually warded off or cured by the timely use of antidotes and the proper remedies. The two years being expired, they become acclimatized, and the fever gradually takes its departure. In the region of the Equatorial Lakes, where the climate is equable and salubrious, those who have passed safely through this time of probation and possess a moderate constitution may, with the exercise of ordinary prudence, look forward to a period of robust health and to many years of apostolic labours in the service of the mission. Father Guillet himself has proved, unhappily, an exception to this general rule, having

succumbed to a fresh attack of fever towards the close of last year.

While these events were passing at Tabora, the Mission of Mouloueva in Massanzé, now reinforced by the presence of Father Dromaux and his orphans and a further accession of newly-arrived missionaries, was rapidly developing. The necessity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the language and gaining the confidence of the natives before commencing their public preaching, induced the Fathers to confine themselves for some time to the instruction of their ransomed children and the translation of the prayers and catechism into Kimassanzé and Kisouahili.<sup>1</sup> It was not until the close of their annual retreat in August, 1883, that, summoning the people to their humble chapel by the sound of a trumpet and tambour in the absence of a much-needed bell, they unfolded for the first time to an attentive congregation the primary truths of the Christian religion, and taught their hearers to address their Great Father in Heaven in the sublime words delivered to us by His Divine Son. The children, already carefully instructed, helped, by the devout recitation of the prayers and the singing of sacred canticles in their native tongue, to deepen the impression made upon the minds of their elders by the words of the missionaries. Nor were the principal chieftains backwards in giving an example which was not without its influence in swelling the number of the attendants. Loukandamiza, the newly-elected monarch, assisted by his principal ministers, was foremost in the ranks of the audience, while the excellent chieftain Kasamba, brother to the deceased Sultan Kapanora who had first welcomed the Fathers to Massanzé, might be seen at the close of the instruction assuming the office of catechist, and striving by his familiar explanations to render the lessons of the Fathers more intelligible to the simple minds of their hearers. The women were the only ones who at first absented themselves from these assemblies, though their curiosity led them to gather outside the slender walls of the oratory and listen through the crevices to the sacred canticles and such portions of the instruction as could reach their ears. Soon, however, they yielded to the exhortations of the missionaries, who for greater decorum, and to satisfy their feminine shyness, erected a low partition to separate them from the male portion of the audience.

<sup>1</sup> The prefix *Ki* signifies the language of the tribe. The Souahili tongue prevails generally among the nations dwelling between the Eastern coast and the central lakes. Each kingdom has also its own peculiar dialect.

When Sunday came round, the ordinary week-day instruction was replaced by a more solemn celebration, calculated, notwithstanding their partial exclusion, to produce a powerful religious impression on the minds of the natives. The altar was now adorned with all the sacred ornaments at the disposal of the missionaries, and illuminated with waxen tapers. High Mass was then sung by the Fathers, assisted by the voices of their orphans, who in their character of catechumens were permitted to be present until the Offertory, when they withdrew from the oratory and took their places with the people who remained gathered about the walls until they were summoned to assist at the public instruction. It was by the advice of Mgr. Lavigerie that the discipline of the early Church was revived on the shores of Tanganyika. Convinced of the extreme importance of impressing the material mind of the negro with a spirit of profound reverence for the sacred mysteries of religion, the prudent Archbishop had laid it down as a rule that none should be admitted to be present at the solemn offices of the Church or allowed to enter upon the immediate preparation for Baptism until they had passed through the lower grades of the catechumenate. Hence it was not till the eve of Christmas, 1883, that the first band of orphans, being now thoroughly instructed, were, to their exceeding joy and the envy of their less fortunate companions, regenerated at the sacred font. On the following day they had the happiness of making their First Communion, and the hearts of their kind protectors overflowed with consolation at the sight of their fervent piety and reverential demeanour. The admission of the adult catechumens to the same privileges had for many reasons to be longer postponed.

The excellent dispositions hitherto manifested by the Wamassanzé were in truth counterbalanced by many serious obstacles, which rendered it necessary for the Fathers to proceed with extreme caution in the work of conversion. One of the principal difficulties was the practice of polygamy which prevails generally throughout the country. The negro, like other races which are not imbued with the knowledge of Christian truth, so far from holding the female sex in honour, has degraded it to the level of the brute creation. In fact, he looks upon woman as created merely to minister to his wants and pleasure, and multiplies his wives at will that he may have so many additional hands to cultivate his fields and provide for his

material requirements. It is true that he has in the first instance to sacrifice a portion of his goods to purchase his intended spouse from her parents, but he regards this as a profitable investment of capital, considering the return she will afterwards make to him by her unceasing toil. Besides, he reasons, property of other descriptions, such as ivory tusks, goats, calicoes, or manufactured goods, only serves to expose him to the cupidity of his neighbours, who either claim a share of his riches or plan some secret means of securing it, a danger which is not likely to occur when his possessions consist chiefly in the natural products of the soil, which are so plentiful in every household. And even if his homestead is beset by the slave-hunters, it is safer, he thinks, to have invested his property in women, who, being free agents, can probably make good their escape to the forests, than in goods which he must needs leave behind for the spoilers, or which would only embarrass his flight. This specious reasoning, common among the natives, shows the utterly material view which they take of the sacred tie of marriage; nor is it till after they are thoroughly imbued with the teaching of the Gospel, that they can be prevailed upon to make the important sacrifice essential for their admission into the Church, by dismissing their wives with the exception of the one who is henceforth to hold the honourable place of mistress of the household and life-long partner of their joys and sorrows.

Being satisfied of the truth of the well-attested adage that example is more convincing than any amount of oral teaching, the Fathers now proceeded to carry into effect a design which they had long entertained, and which they considered to be the only sure means of establishing the work of the mission upon a solid basis. This was the formation of a Christian village, in which the fundamental principle of the unity and indissolubility of marriage, along with the important lesson of the dignity and value of labour, might be practically exposed before the eyes of the natives. The orphanage of Mouloueva, which had now been two years and a half in existence, supplied the necessary material for the execution of this project. About a hundred male children had already found shelter within its walls, for the most part ransomed from slavery by the alms of the generous Christians of Europe. Of these, eighteen had passed to Heaven fresh from the baptismal font; the others still remained under the care of the Fathers, employed, according to their age and capacity, in the tillage of the soil or various mechanical occupa-

tions. Some of the latter having now arrived at an age at which, according to the custom of the country, it was desirable to settle them in life, were united in marriage to young female catechumens, and established on small plots of land which were considered sufficient to provide them with the moderate means of subsistence. On the happy day of their wedding the young couple were furnished by the Fathers with a few yards of clothing material and the tools necessary for the cultivation of the soil, in which the most laborious part of the work was reserved for the husband. They then constructed on the plot assigned to them a modest and temporary dwelling formed of branches of trees interlaced with straw, reserving for a future time the erection of a more solid habitation in wood and clay. During the time left unoccupied after the cultivation of their own land was completed, they were employed by the Fathers in various useful works, with the view not only of preserving them from the dangers of idleness, but also of enabling them to earn a certain payment which would help them to meet the daily-increasing expenses of their household. Thus a little Christian hamlet gradually grew up under the eyes and supervision of the missionaries, and it was not long before they were called upon to consecrate to God the first-fruits of a new and promising generation. It is true that these establishments entailed upon the Fathers a considerable outlay from their limited resources, moderate as the expense was in itself, owing to the simple habits and limited desires of the natives, who are as yet unacquainted with the refinements and artificial wants of modern civilization. The sacrifice, however, was not regretted, for it was well repaid by the results; nor was it long before the principal chieftains solicited as a favour the privilege of uniting their own daughters in marriage with the children of the mission, and placing them under the care and protection of the Fathers.

Meanwhile, the increasing numbers of their adopted children warned the missionaries of the extreme importance of securing a site large enough to supply them with both the means of present subsistence and of future settlement. This could best be effected by the transfer of the orphanage to a fresh locality, where they would be enabled to carry on the work of Christian colonization on a scale which was evidently impracticable within the narrow and populous territory of Mouloueva. This kindly disposition of the native chieftains, who were ever ready to

contend for the honour of receiving them, not uninfluenced by the sense of security against the kidnapping propensities of the Arab slave-dealers, imparted by the presence of the Wassoungo, rendered the selection of a fresh site by no means difficult. At the distance of a few hours' sail south of Massanzé lies an extensive peninsula, a considerable portion of which acknowledges the rule of a Sultan named Poré, chief of the village of Kibanga. It happened about this time that the presence of the Fathers was earnestly solicited by this monarch, who offered to make over to them whatever portion of his rich and fertile territory they might select for their purpose. His country had in past years been depopulated by the annual incursions of the Warori, who, sweeping down in their swift canoes upon the defenceless inhabitants, reduced numbers to slavery, at the same time destroying the fruits of their labours and carrying off an abundance of goats, oil, salt, and other articles, to be disposed of, along with their captives, in the markets of Ujiji. The Fathers, after some deliberation, determined to accede to the proposal, for while they felt assured that the advantages anticipated from their presence would predispose the minds of the inhabitants to listen to their preaching, they at the same time had little doubt that the fact of their residence would induce the Arabs and their native allies to respect a territory where their deeds of violence would be surely brought to light and exposed before the eyes of the world.

Accordingly, upon June 14, 1884, Fathers Moinet and Moncet, accompanied by the auxiliary Zouaves, Captain Joubert and Mr. Visser, and ten of the oldest of the orphans, embarked at Mouloueva, and after rowing during the hours of night, arrived on the following morning at Kibanga. Here they disembarked and proceeded to pitch their tents at a short distance from the lake on the banks of the river Maongolo. A rising ground parallel with the coast, stretching for about a mile and a half to the neighbouring village of Loufou, and commanding a wide and fertile plain which extended inland, presented a magnificent site for their future establishment. Having cleared a portion of the hillside, which was clothed with luxuriant herbage, they lost no time in erecting in front of an abandoned grove of palm and banana trees some temporary huts to serve for their present accommodation. Here they determined to erect a permanent habitation, and having constructed a large cross with wood brought by the natives, it was solemnly blessed



and carried in procession on the shoulders of their children to the place prepared for its reception, in front of their dwelling.

A few days after their arrival they were honoured with a visit from the Sultan Poré, a hale and vigorous old man of benevolent aspect, who expressed his extreme pleasure at seeing them in his country. On his own part he placed all he had at their disposal, and promised to supply them free of cost with the wood necessary for their constructions. This was a matter of considerable importance, as no wood suitable for building purposes was to be found in the immediate neighbourhood. The promise of the Sultan was amply redeemed, and a number of trees selected by the Fathers were speedily felled and conveyed by the willing hands of the natives to the spot prepared for the new erections. For some time Poré himself paid regular and daily visits to the settlement in order to watch over the execution of his orders, and many were the conversations which he held with the missionaries while resting on his accustomed seat at the foot of the cross. So greatly was he prepossessed in their regard, that on one occasion in the exuberance of his affection he proposed to Father Moinet, his special friend, to abdicate the royal authority in his favour and retire himself to the rank of a subject. The humble missionary, nowise covetous of the proposed dignity, warmly thanked the kindly monarch for his generous offer, but explained to him that his duties lay in another direction, adding that he had reason to hope that he would be able one day to render the most important services to him and his people. A second proposal on the part of Poré to seal his union with Father Moinet by the "compact of blood" was more embarrassing. This method of cementing a friendship, so common among the negro races, consists in making an incision or puncture in the flesh of the two contracting parties and mingling the blood which flows therefrom in a single vessel, from which each sips a portion of the unsavoury contents. By this ceremony the two allies become *brothers in blood*. Their union is indissoluble and perpetual, and henceforth they are bound to assist and defend one another in any trial or danger. Many of the earlier missionaries were afraid that some secret superstition might be mingled with this barbarous custom, which was often proposed for their acceptance. Hence they sometimes sought to evade it by suggesting that it would be more desirable to make a compact after the manner of the Was-



soungos, namely, by means of a written document signed and sealed by the contracting parties. Experience, however, proved that such a ceremony has but little binding influence on the mind of the negro. As it had by this time been ascertained to the satisfaction of the missionaries that the compact of blood, though certainly of a revolting, was not of a superstitious character, the good Father Moinet determined to overcome his natural repugnance, and submit to a ceremony which was eminently calculated to benefit the mission by securing the position of the Fathers in the Kingdom of Poré. We may remark, *en passant*, that the experiences of the explorer, H. M. Stanley, would lead to a different conclusion regarding the superstitious character of this ceremony, at least as regards the negro tribes dwelling on the banks of the Congo. The following is his account of a similar compact. The accompanying ceremonies no doubt differ among different races, and may or may not be tinged with the superstitions of fetichism.

The next day we made blood brotherhood. The fetish man pricked each of our arms, pressed the blood out, then with a pinch of scrapings from my gunstock, a little salt, a few dusty scrapings from a long pod, dropped over the wounded arms, and the black and white arms were mutually rubbed together (*sic.*). The fetish man took the long pod in his hands and slightly touched our necks, our hands, our arms, and our legs, muttering rapidly his litany of incantations. What was left of the medicine Mangambo and I carefully folded in a banana leaf, and we bore it reverently between us to a banana grove close by and buried the dust out of sight. Mangambo, now my brother by solemn interchange of blood, consecrated to my service as I was devoted in the sacred fetish band to his service, revealed his trouble and implored my aid.<sup>1</sup>

A day being fixed for the important ceremony, the Sultan, attended by his principal chieftains and about five hundred of his subjects, repaired to the mission house, where the Fathers, surrounded by their adopted children, awaited his arrival. When all were seated, the representative of Poré addressed the assembled multitude to explain to them the object of the meeting, and solicit their sanction to an engagement which would henceforth form a solemn bond of union between their nation and the missionaries. To this the audience signified their assent by loud acclamations. He then formally presented two young slaves to Father Moinet as an offering from his royal master. The missionary responded by the gift of a new

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's *The Congo and its Free State*, vol. ii.

shirt, a gaudy theatrical mantle, and a red cap, in which the monarch at once with evident satisfaction proceeded to array himself, turning round and round to exhibit his finery to his appreciative subjects, who burst out into loud shouts of delight at his dignified appearance. Kalanda, one of the children of the mission, then addressed the assembly, describing to them in the poetical language of his country the advantages which they would reap from the presence of the missionaries. His discourse was repeated word for word and in a loud voice by one of the natives, who imitated faithfully every gesture and intonation and even an occasional sneeze of the young orator, at the same time striking with a wand a buffalo's horn which he held in his hand by way of a musical accompaniment. These preliminaries being disposed of, they proceeded to the immediate object of the meeting.

Father Moinet and Poré having taken their seats opposite one another with their feet placed alternately on a bended bow which lay on the ground, and within the arc of which were planted a number of arrows and lances, Kalanda was deputed to make a slight incision in the breast of the monarch, a ceremony to which the latter submitted with evident signs of trepidation. A similar service was rendered to the missionary by one of the natives, and the drops of blood which issued from the wounds were mingled in a glass with the addition of two spoonfuls of honey. After a long discourse in which the two brothers mutually engaged under pain of death never to use bow and arrow, or lance, or gun, against each other (in testimony of which promise they delivered to one another the weapons lying at their feet), they divided between them the nauseous draught and became henceforth "brothers in blood," united for ever by a sacred and inviolable bond of relationship. A salvo of applause greeted the conclusion of the ceremony, which was followed by a discharge of fire-arms and a mock combat, in which the natives engaged with their lances. The proceedings were brought to a close with songs and dances, succeeded by interminable speeches on the part of the orators of the nation, who, like the rest of their countrymen, are never at a loss for words and gestures, however deficient their discourses may be in meaning and substance.

Favourably disposed as Poré was towards the persons of the Fathers, and ready as he proved himself to promote the preach-

ing of the Gospel among his subjects, there seemed little ground for hope of his own conversion. Apart from the character which he bore in the country, we hope by a poetical exaggeration, as the husband of a hundred wives and the father of a thousand children, his mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of superstition. In this respect he differed but little from the generality of the natives, who are wont to attribute every mishap that befalls them, such as the loss of cattle, sudden accidents, sickness or death, to the magical operations of some evil-disposed person. The great point, therefore, is not so much to seek a practical remedy, if such can be found, for the misfortune, as to go to the root of the matter by the discovery of the sorcerer. The evil, they imagine, can only be repaired or at least avenged by his punishment or death. To find out the criminal is the business of the Mganga or Medicine Man, who practises various impostures to deceive the people and to bring home the crime to some one obnoxious to himself or the afflicted family. This supposed criminal is then seized, bound with cords, severely beaten, and punished with the loss of goods or life. Frequently his wife and children are involved in his ruin and sold as slaves for the benefit of the accuser. A more serious obstacle to the progress of the Gospel, or a more powerful engine for the gratification of cupidity and revenge can hardly be imagined, than this widely-spread and barbarous superstition.

It happened about this time that one of the favourite officers of Poré died in the course of nature. Thereupon Mounyé Kamba, a nephew of the deceased, and himself a distinguished chief but obnoxious to Poré, was accused of causing his uncle's death by the practice of sorcery. Being found guilty by the Mganga, he was bound, beaten, and condemned by Poré, who coveted his effects, to immediate execution. The Fathers, with whom the prisoner was on intimate terms, strove in vain to avert his fate by exposing the impostures of his accusers. All that they could obtain from Poré was the respite of a single night, which they devoted to the instruction of the condemned. Naturally of a generous and upright disposition, Mounyé Kamba was deeply impressed with the mysteries of Divine Love which were unfolded before him, and earnestly solicited the grace of Baptism. "Hasten," said he, "to apply to my soul that sovereign remedy which will wash it from its stains and open to it the gates of Heaven." The morning having

arrived, and a last effort to awaken the justice or move the compassion of the Sultan having failed, Mounyé Kamba was baptized in presence of his executioners, and a few moments afterwards received with calmness and intrepidity the stroke of death. Though the efforts of the Fathers to save the life of the accused were in this case unsuccessful, they were not without their influence on the mind of Poré, who, when he had recovered from his excitement, appeared thoroughly ashamed of his conduct, and a few days afterwards at the request of the missionaries firmly refused to sanction a similar execution, in the case of an accusation brought against another chieftain.

But it is time to bid adieu to Father Moinet and his confrères, who by the latest accounts are labouring earnestly and successfully in the establishment of the orphanage and the formation of the mission of Kibanga. The kindly dispositions of the Sultan Poré and his subjects continue unchanged in their regard, and the dreaded Warori have hitherto respected the territory favoured by the presence of the Wassoungo.

Meanwhile the missionaries of Mouloueva and Ujiji are engaged, like true apostolic fishermen, in casting their nets far and wide along the shores of the Great Lake. The stations of Roussavia on the northern and of Tchansa on the south-east coast of Tanganyika have been commenced under the happiest auspices, and with every promise of abundant results.

And now the zealous Fathers are casting their eyes with longing desires on the rich and populous country of Manyema, situated to the west of Tanganyika, on the banks of the Upper Congo. Hither they have been earnestly invited by the powerful Arab chieftain Tipo-Tipo, who vies with many African monarchs in soliciting their settlement within the countries subject to his rule. The approaching arrival of the new Vicar-Apostolic of Tanganyika, Mgr. Charbonnier, will doubtless give a stimulus to this and other similar enterprises. It remains for us by our fervent prayers and abundant alms to second the generous efforts of the missionaries to diffuse the light of the true faith and enkindle the love of a Crucified God in a land so long overshadowed with the darkness of infidelity, but of which it may now be truly said, in the words of our Blessed Lord: "Lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest."<sup>2</sup>

H. GIBSON.

<sup>2</sup> St. John iv. 35.

## *A Village of Seers.*

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

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A DAY or two before Christmas, a few years since, I found myself compelled by business to leave England for the Continent.

I am an American, junior partner in a London mercantile house having a large Swiss connection; and a transaction—needless to specify here—required immediate and personal supervision abroad, at a season of the year when I would gladly have kept festival in London with my friends. But my journey was destined to bring me an adventure of a very remarkable character, which made me full amends for the loss of Christmas cheer at home.

I crossed the Channel at night from Dover to Calais. The passage was bleak and snowy, and the passengers were very few. On board the steamboat I remarked one traveller whose appearance and manner struck me as altogether unusual and interesting, and I deemed it by no means a disagreeable circumstance that, on arriving at Calais, this man entered the compartment of the railway carriage in which I had already seated myself.

So far as the dim light permitted me a glimpse of the stranger's face, I judged him to be about fifty years of age. The features were delicate and refined in type, the eyes dark and deep-sunken, but full of intelligence and thought, and the whole aspect of the man denoted good birth, a nature given to study and meditation, and a life of much sorrowful experience.

Two other travellers occupied our carriage until Amiens was reached. They then left us, and the interesting stranger and I remained alone together.

"A bitter night," I said to him, as I drew up the window,

"and the worst of it is yet to come! The early hours of dawn are always the coldest."

"I suppose so," he answered in a grave voice.

The voice impressed me as strongly as the face; it was subdued and restrained, the voice of a man undergoing great mental suffering.

"You will find Paris bleak at this season of the year," I continued, longing to make him talk. "It was colder there last winter than in London."

"I do not stay in Paris," he replied, "save to breakfast."

"Indeed; that is my case. I am going on to Bâle."

"And I also," he said, "and further yet."

Then he turned his face to the window, and would say no more. My speculations regarding him multiplied with his taciturnity. I felt convinced that he was a man with a romance, and a desire to know its nature became strong in me. We breakfasted apart at Paris, but I watched him into his compartment for Bâle, and sprang in after him. During the first part of our journey we slept; but, as we neared the Swiss frontier, a spirit of wakefulness took hold of us and fitful sentences were exchanged. My companion, it appeared, intended to rest but a single day at Bâle. He was bound for far-away Alpine regions, ordinarily visited by tourists during the summer months only, and, one would think, impassable at this season of the year.

"And you go alone?" I asked him. "You will have no companions to join you?"

"I shall have guides," he answered, and relapsed into meditative silence.

Presently I ventured a further question: "You go on business, perhaps—not on pleasure?"

He turned his melancholy eyes on mine. "Do I look as if I were travelling for pleasure's sake?" he asked gently.

I felt rebuked, and hastened to apologize. "Pardon me; I ought not to have said that. But you interest me greatly, and I wish, if possible, to be of service to you. If you are going into Alpine districts on business and alone, at this time of the year——"

There I hesitated and paused. How could I tell him that he interested me so much as to make me long to know the romance which, I felt convinced, attached to his expedition?

Perhaps he perceived what was in my mind, for he questioned me in his turn. "And you—have you business in Bâle?"

"Yes, and in other places. My accent may have told you my nationality. I travel in the interests of the American firm, Fletcher Bros., Roy, and Co., whose London house, no doubt, you know. But I need remain only twenty-four hours in Bâle. Afterwards I go to Berne, then to Geneva. I must, however, wait for letters from England after doing my business at Bâle, and I shall have some days free."

"How many?"

"From the 21st to the 26th."

He was silent for a minute, meditating. Then he took from his travelling-bag a *porte-feuille*, and from the *porte-feuille* a visiting-card, which he handed to me.

"That is my name," he said briefly.

I took the hint, and returned the compliment in kind. On his card I read:

MR. CHARLES DENIS ST. AUBYN,  
*Grosvenor Square, London. St. Aubyn's Court, Shrewsbury.*

And mine bore the legend:

FRANK ROY,  
*Travellers' Club, Pall Mall.*

"Now that we are no longer unknown to each other," said I, "may I ask, without committing an indiscretion, if I can use the free time at my disposal in your interests?"

"You are very good, Mr. Roy. It is the characteristic of your nation to be kind-hearted and readily interested in strangers." Was this sarcastic? I wondered. Perhaps; but he said it quite courteously. "I am a solitary and unfortunate man. Before I accept your kindness, will you permit me to tell you the nature of the journey I am making? It is a strange one."

He spoke huskily, and with evident effort. I assented eagerly.

The following, recounted in broken sentences, and with many abrupt pauses, is the story to which I listened:

Mr. St. Aubyn was a widower. His only child, a boy twelve years of age, had been for a year past afflicted with loss of speech and hearing, the result of a severe typhoid fever, from which he barely escaped with life. Last summer, his father,



following medical advice, brought him to Switzerland, in the hope that Alpine air, change of scene, exercise, and the pleasure of the trip, would restore him to his normal condition. One day father and son, led by a guide, were ascending a mountain pathway, not ordinarily regarded as dangerous, when the boy, stepping aside to view the snowy ranges above and around, slipped on a treacherous fragment of half-detached rock, and went sliding into the ravine beneath. The height of the fall was by no means great, and the level ground on which the boy would necessarily alight was overgrown with soft herbage and long grass, so that neither the father nor the guide at first conceived any serious apprehensions for the safety of the boy's life or limbs. He might be bruised, perhaps even a few cuts or a sprained wrist might disable him for a few days, but they feared nothing worse than these. As quickly as the slippery ground would permit, they descended the winding path leading to the meadow, but when they reached it, the boy was nowhere to be seen. Hours passed in vain and anxious quest; no track, no sound, no clue assisted the seekers, and the shouts of the guide, if they reached, as doubtless they did, the spot where the lost boy lay, fell on ears as dull and deadened as those of a corpse. Nor could the boy, if crippled by his fall, and unable to show himself, give evidence of his whereabouts by so much as a single cry. Both tongue and ears were sealed by infirmity, and any low sound such as that he might have been able to utter would have been rendered inaudible by the torrent rushing through the ravine hard by. At nightfall the search was suspended, to be renewed before daybreak with fresh assistance from the nearest village. Some of the new-comers spoke of a cave on the slope of the meadow, into which the boy might have crept. This was easily reached. It was apparently of but small extent; a few goats reposed in it, but no trace of the child was discoverable. After some days spent in futile endeavour, all hope was abandoned. The father returned to England to mourn his lost boy, and another disaster was added to the annual list of casualties in the Alps.

So far the story was sad enough, but hardly romantic. I clasped the hand of the narrator, and assured him warmly of my sympathy, adding, with as little appearance of curiosity as I could command:

"And your object in coming back is only, then, to—to—be near the scene of your great trouble?"

"No, Mr. Roy; that is not the motive of my journey. I do not believe either that my boy's corpse lies concealed among the grasses of the plateau, or that it was swept away, as has been suggested, by the mountain cataract. Neither hypothesis seems to me tenable. The bed of the stream was followed and searched for miles; and though, when he fell, he was carrying over his shoulder a flask and a thick fur-lined cloak—for we expected cold on the heights, and went provided against it—not a fragment of anything belonging to him was found. Had he fallen into the torrent, it is impossible his clothing should not have become detached from the body and caught by the innumerable rocks in the shallow parts of the stream. But that is not all. I have another reason for the belief I cherish." He leaned forward, and added in firmer and slower tones: "I am convinced that my boy still lives, for—I *have seen him*."

"You have *seen* him!" I cried.

"Yes; again and again—in dreams. And always in the same way, and with the same look. He stands before me, beckoning to me, and making signs that I should come and help him. Not once or twice only, but many times, night after night I have seen the same thing!"

Poor father! Poor desolate man! Not the first driven distraught by grief; not the first deluded by the shadows of love and longing!

"You think I am deceived by hallucinations," he said, watching my face. "It is you who are misled by the scientific idiots of the day, the wiseacres who teach us to believe, whenever soul speaks to soul, that the highest and holiest communion attainable by man is the product of physical disease! Forgive me the energy of my words; but had you loved and lost your beloved—wife and child—as I have done, you would comprehend the contempt and anger with which I regard those modern teachers whose cold and ghastly doctrines give the lie, not only to all human hopes and aspirations towards the higher life, but also to the possibility of that very progress from lower to nobler forms which is the basis of their own philosophy, and to the conception of which the idea of the soul and of love are essential! Evolution pre-supposes possible perfecting, and the conscious adaptation of means to ends in order to attain it. And both the ideal itself and the endeavour to reach it are incomprehensible without desire, which is love, and whose seat

is in the interior self, the living soul—the maker of outward forms!”

He was roused from his melancholy now, and spoke connectedly and with enthusiasm. I was about to reassure him in regard to my own philosophical convictions, the soundness of which he seemed to question, when his voice sank again, and he added earnestly :

“I tell you I have seen my boy, and that I know he lives—not in any far-off sphere beyond the grave, but here on earth, among living men! Twice since his loss I have returned from England to seek him, in obedience to the vision, but in vain, and I have gone back home to dream the same dream. But—only last week—I heard a wonderful story. It was told me by a friend who is a great traveller, and who has but just returned from a lengthened tour in the south. I met him at my club, ‘by accident,’ as unthinking persons say. He told me that there exists, buried away out of common sight and knowledge, in the bosom of the Swiss Alps, a little village whose inhabitants possess, in varying degrees, a marvellous and priceless faculty. Almost all the dwellers in this village are mutually related, either bearing the same ancestral name, or being branches from one original stock. The founder of this community was a blind man, who, by some unexplained good fortune, acquired or became endowed with the psychic faculty called “second sight,” or clairvoyance. This faculty, it appears, is now the hereditary property of the whole village, more developed in the blind man’s immediate heirs than in his remoter relatives; but, strange to say, it is a faculty which, for a reason connected with the history of its acquirement, they enjoy only once a year, and that is on Christmas Eve. I know well,” continued Mr. St. Aubyn, “all you have it in your mind to say. Doubtless, you would hint to me that the narrator of the tale was amusing himself with my credulity, or that these Alpine villagers, if they exist, are not clairvoyants, but charlatans trading on the folly of the curious, or even that the whole story is a chimera of my own dreaming brain. I am willing that, if it please you, you should accept any of these hypotheses. As for me, in my sorrow and despair, I am resolved to leave no means untried to recover my boy; and it happens that the village in question is not far from the scene of the disaster which deprived me of him. A strange hope—a confidence even—grows in my heart as I approach the end of my journey. I believe I am about to verify the truth of my

friend's story, and that, through the wonderful faculty possessed by these Alpine peasants, the promise of my visions will be realized."

His voice broke again, he ceased speaking, and turned his face away from me. I was greatly moved, and anxious to impress him with a belief in the sincerity of my sympathy, and in my readiness to accept the truth of the tale he had repeated.

"Do not think," I said with some warmth, "that I am disposed to make light of what you tell me, strange though it sounds. Out in the West, where I come from, I heard, when a boy, many a story at least as curious as yours. In our wild country, odd things chance at times, and queer circumstances, they say, happen in out of the way tracks in forest and prairie—aye, and there are strange creatures that haunt the bush, some tell, in places where no human foot is wont to tread. So that nothing of this sort comes upon me with an air of newness, at least! I mayn't quite trust it, as you do, but I am no scoffer. Look, now, Mr. St. Aubyn, I have a proposal to make. You are alone, and purpose undertaking a bitter and, it may be, a perilous journey in mountain ground at this season. What say you to taking me along with you? May be, I shall prove of some use; and, at any rate, your adventure and your story interest me greatly!"

I was quite tremulous with apprehension lest he should refuse my request, but he did not. He looked earnestly and even fixedly at me for a minute, then silently held out his hand and grasped mine with energy. It was a sealed compact. After that we considered ourselves comrades, and continued our journey together.

Our day's rest at Bâle being over, and the business which concerned me there transacted, we followed the route indicated by Mr. St. Aubyn, and on the evening of the 22nd of December arrived at a little hill station, where we found a guide who promised to conduct us the next morning to the village we sought. Sunrise found us on our way, and a tramp of several weary hours, with occasional breaks for rest and refreshment, brought us at last to the desired spot.

It was a quaint, picturesque little hamlet, embosomed in a mountain recess, a sheltered oasis in the midst of a wind-swept, snow-covered region. The usual Swiss trade of wood-carving appeared to be the principal occupation of the community. The

single narrow street was thronged with goats, whose jingling many-toned bells made an incessant and agreeable symphony. Under the projecting roofs of the log-built *châlets* bundles of dried herbs swung in the frosty air; stacks of fir-wood, handy for use, were piled about the doorways, and here and there we noticed a huge dog of the St. Bernard breed, with solemn face, and massive paws that left tracks like a lion's in the fresh-fallen snow. A rosy afternoon-radiance glorified the surrounding mountains and warmed the aspect of the little village as we entered it. It was but half-past three o'clock, yet already the sun drew near the hill-tops, and in a short space he would sink behind them and leave the valleys immersed in twilight. Inn or hostelry proper there was none in this out of the world recess, but the peasants were right willing to entertain us, and the owner of the largest *châlet* in the place speedily made ready the necessary board and lodging. Supper—of goat's milk cheese, coarse bread, honey, and drink purporting to be coffee—being concluded, the villagers began to drop in by twos and threes to have a look at us; and presently, at the invitation of our host, we all drew our stools around the pine-wood fire, and partook of a strange beverage served hot with sugar and toast, tasting not unlike elderberry wine. Meanwhile my English friend, more conversant than myself with the curiously mingled French and German *patois* of the district, plunged into the narration of his trouble, and ended with a frank and pathetic appeal to those present, that if there were any truth in the tale he had heard regarding the annual clairvoyance of the villagers, they would consent to use their powers in his service.

Probably they had never been so appealed to before. When my friend had finished speaking, silence, broken only by a few half-audible whispers, fell on the group. I began to fear that, after all, he had been either misinformed or misunderstood, and was preparing to help him out with an explanation to the best of my ability, when a man sitting in the chimney-corner rose and said that, if we pleased, he would fetch the grandsons of the original seer, who would give us the fullest information possible on the subject of our inquiry. This announcement was encouraging, and we assented with joy. He left the *châlet*, and shortly afterwards returned with two stalwart and intelligent-looking men of about thirty and thirty-five respectively, accompanied by a couple of St. Bernards, the most magnificent dogs I had ever seen. I was reassured instantly, for the faces of these two

peasants were certainly not those of rogues or fools. They advanced to the centre of the assembly, now numbering some twenty persons, men and women, and were duly introduced to us by our host as Theodor and Augustin Raoul. A wooden bench by the hearth was accorded them, the great dogs couched at their feet, pipes were lit here and there among the circle, and the scene, embellished by the ruddy glow of the flaming pine-logs, the unfamiliar costume of the peasantry, the quaint furniture of the *châlet*-kitchen in which we sat, and enhanced by the strange circumstances of our journey and the yet stranger story now recounted by the two Raouls, became to my mind every moment more romantic and unworld-like. But the intent and strained expression of St. Aubyn's features as he bent eagerly forward, hanging as if for life or death on the words which the brothers poured forth, reminded me that, in one respect at least, the spectacle before me presented a painful reality, and that for this desolate and lonely man every word of the Christmas tale told that evening was pregnant with import of the deepest and most serious kind. Here, in English guise, is the legend of the Alpine seer, recounted with much gesticulation and rugged dramatic force by his grandsons, the younger occasionally interpolating details which the elder forgot, confirming the data, and echoing with a sonorous interjection the exclamations of the listeners.

Augustin Franz Raoul, the grandfather of the men who addressed us, originally differed in no respect, save that of blindness, from ordinary people. One Christmas Eve, as the day drew towards twilight, and a driving storm of frozen snow raged over the mountains, he, his dog Hans, and his mule were fighting their way home up the pass in the teeth of the tempest. At a turn of the road they came on a priest carrying the Viaticum to a dying man who inhabited a solitary hut in the valley below. The priest was on foot, almost spent with fatigue, and bewildered by the blinding snow which obscured the pathway and grew every moment more impenetrable and harder to face. The whirling flakes circled and danced before his sight, the winding path was well-nigh obliterated, his brain grew dizzy and his feet unsteady, and he felt that without assistance he should never reach his destination in safety. Blind Raoul, though himself tired, and longing for shelter, listened with sympathy to the priest's complaint, and answered, "Father, you know well I am hardly a pious son of the Church, but if the

penitent dying down yonder needs spiritual consolation from her, Heaven forbid that I should not do my utmost to help you to him! Sightless though I am, I know my way over these crags as no other man knows it, and the snow-storm which bewilders your eyes so much cannot daze mine. Come, mount my mule, Hans will go with us, and we three will take you to your journey's end safe and sound."

"Son," answered the priest, "God will reward you for this act of charity. The penitent to whom I go bears an evil reputation as a sorcerer, and we all know his name well enough in these parts. He may have some crime on his conscience which he desires to confess before death. But for your timely help I should not be able to fight my way through this tempest to his door, and he would certainly perish unshriven."

The fury of the storm increased as darkness came on. Dense clouds of snow obscured the whole landscape, and rendered sky and mountain alike indistinguishable. Terror seized the priest; but for the blind man, to whose sight day and night were indifferent, these horrors had no great danger. He and his dumb friends plodded quietly and slowly on in the accustomed path, and at length, close upon midnight, the valley was safely reached, and the priest ushered into the presence of his penitent. What the dying sorcerer's confession was the blind man never knew; but after it was over, and the Sacred Host had passed his lips, Raoul was summoned to his bedside, where a strange and solemn voice greeted him by name and thanked him for the service he had rendered.

"Friend," said the dying man, "you will never know how great a debt I owe you. But before I pass out of the world, I would fain do somewhat towards repayment. Sorcerer though I am by repute, I cannot give you that which, were it possible, I would give with all my heart—the blessing of physical sight. But may God hear the last earthly prayer of a dying penitent, and grant you a better gift and a rarer one than even that of the sight of your outward eyes, by opening those of your spirit! And may the faculty of that interior vision be continued to you and yours so long as ye use it in deeds of mercy and human kindness such as this!"

The speaker laid his hand a moment on the blind man's forehead, and his lips moved silently awhile, though Raoul saw it not. The priest and he remained to the last with the penitent,



and when the grey Christmas morning broke over the whitened plain they left the little hut in which the corpse lay, to apprise the dwellers in the valley hamlet of the death of the wizard, and to arrange for his burial. And ever since that Christmas Eve, said the two Raouls, their grandfather found himself when the sacred time came round again, year after year, possessed of a new and extraordinary power, that of seeing with the inward senses of the spirit whatever he desired to see, and this as plainly and distinctly, miles distant, as at his own threshold. The power of interior vision came upon him in sleep or in trance, precisely as with the prophets and sybils of old, and in this condition, sometimes momentary only, whole scenes were flashed before him, the faces of friends leagues away became visible, and he seemed to touch their hands. At these times nothing was hidden from him; it was necessary only that he should desire fervently to see any particular person or place, and that the intent of the wish should be innocent, and he became straightway clairvoyant. To the blind man, deprived in early childhood of physical sight, this miraculous power was an inestimable consolation, and Christmas Eve became to him a festival of illumination whose annual reminiscences and anticipations brightened the whole round of the year. And when at length he died, the faculty remained a family heritage, of which all his descendants partook in some degree, his two grandsons, as his nearest kin, possessing the gift in its completest development. And—most strange of all—the two hounds which lay couched before us by the hearth, appeared to enjoy a share of the sorcerer's benison! These dogs, Fritz and Bruno, directly descended from Hans, had often displayed strong evidence of lucidity, and under its influence they had been known to act with acumen and sagacity wholly beyond the reach of ordinary dogs. Their immediate sire, Glück, was the property of a community of monks living fourteen miles distant in the Arblen valley; and though the Raouls were not aware that he had yet distinguished himself by any remarkable exploit of a clairvoyant character, he was commonly credited with a goodly share of the family gift.

"And the mule?" I asked thoughtlessly.

"The mule, monsieur," replied the younger Raoul, with a smile, "has been dead many long years. Naturally he left no posterity."

Thus ended the tale, and for a brief space all remained

silent, while many glances stole furtively towards St. Aubyn. He sat motionless, with bowed head and folded arms, absorbed in thought.

One by one the members of the group around us rose, knocked the ashes from their pipes, and with a few brief words quitted the *châlet*. In a few minutes there remained only our host, the two Raouls, with their dogs, my friend, and myself. Then St. Aubyn found his voice. He too rose, and in slow tremulous tones, addressing Theodor, asked :

"You will have everything prepared for an expedition to-morrow, in case—you should have anything to tell us?"

"All shall be in readiness, monsieur. Pierre (the host) will wake you by sunrise, for with the dawn of Christmas Eve our lucid faculty returns to us, and if we should have good news to give, the start ought to be made early. We may have far to go, and the days are short."

He whistled to the great hounds, wished us good-night, and the two brothers left the house together, followed by Fritz and Bruno.

Pierre lighted a lantern, and mounting a ladder in the corner of the room, invited us to accompany him. We clambered up this primitive staircase with some difficulty, and presently found ourselves in a bed-chamber not less quaint and picturesque than the kitchen below. Our beds were both prepared in this room, round the walls of which were piled goat's-milk cheeses, dried herbs, sacks of meal, and other winter provender.

Outside it was a star-lit night, clear, calm, and frosty, with brilliant promise for the coming day. Long after I was in the land of dreams, I fancy St. Aubyn lay awake, following with restless eyes the stars in their courses, and wondering whether from some far-off, unknown spot his lost boy might not be watching them also.

Dawn, grey and misty, enwrapped the little village when I was startled from my sleep by a noisy chorus of voices and a busy hurrying of footsteps. A moment later some one, heavily booted, ascended the ladder leading to our bed-room, and a ponderous knock resounded on our door. St. Aubyn sprang from his bed, lifted the latch, and admitted the younger Raoul, whose beaming eyes and excited manner betrayed, before he spoke, the good tidings in store.

"We have seen him!" he cried, throwing up his hands triumphantly above his head. "Both of us have seen your son,

monsieur! Not half an hour ago, just as the dawn broke, we saw him in a vision, alive and well in a mountain cave, separated from the valley by a broad torrent. An Angel of the good Lord has ministered to him: it is a miracle! Courage, he will be restored to you. Dress quickly, and come down to breakfast. Everything is ready for the expedition, and there is no time to lose!"

These broken ejaculations were interrupted by the voice of the elder brother, calling from the foot of the ladder:

"Make haste, messieurs, if you please. The valley we have seen in our dream is fully twelve miles away, and to reach it we shall have to cut our way through the snow. It is bad at this time of the year, and the passes may be blocked! Come, Augustin!"

Everything was now hurry and commotion. All the village was astir; the excitement became intense. From the window we saw men running eagerly towards our *chalet* with pickaxes, ropes, hatchets, and other necessary adjuncts of Alpine adventure. The two great hounds, with others of their breed, were bounding joyfully about in the snow, and showing, I thought, by their intelligent glances and impatient behaviour, that they already understood the nature of the intended day's work.

At sunrise we sat down to a hearty meal, and amid the clamour of voices and rattling of platters, the elder Raoul unfolded to us his plans for reaching the valley, which both he and his brother had recognized as the higher level of the Arblen, several thousand feet above our present altitude, and in mid-winter a perilous place to visit.

"The spot is completely shut off from the valley by the cataract," said he, "and last year a landslip blocked up the only route to it from the mountains. How the child got there is a mystery!"

"We must cut our way over the Thurgau Pass," cried Augustin.

"That is just my idea. Quick now, if you have finished eating, call Georges and Albert, and take the ropes with you!"

Our little party was speedily equipped, and amid the lusty cheers of the men and the sympathetic murmurs of the women, we passed swiftly through the little snow-carpeted street and struck into the mountain path. We were six in

number, St. Aubyn and myself, the two Raouls, and a couple of villagers carrying the requisite implements of mountaineering, while the two dogs Fritz and Bruno trotted on before us.

At the outset there was some rough ground to traverse, and considerable work to be done with ropes and tools, for the slippery edges of the highland path afforded scarce any foothold, and in some parts the difficulties appeared well-nigh insurmountable. But every fresh obstacle overcome added a new zest to our resolution, and, cheered by the reiterated cry of the two seers, "Courage, messieurs! *Avançons!* The worst will soon be passed!" we pushed forward with right good will, and at length found ourselves on a broad rocky plateau.

All this time the two hounds had taken the lead, pioneering us with amazing skill round precipitous corners, and springing from crag to crag over the icy ravines with a daring and precision which curdled my blood to witness. It was a relief to see them finally descend the narrow pass in safety, and halt beside us panting and exultant. All around lay glittering reaches of untrodden snow, blinding to look at, scintillant as diamond dust. We sat down to rest on some scattered boulders, and gazed with wonder at the magnificent vistas of glowing peaks towering above us, and the luminous expanse of purple gorge and valley, with the white, roaring torrents below, over which wreaths of foam-like filmy mist hovered and floated continually.

As I sat, lost in admiration, St. Aubyn touched my arm, and silently pointed to Theodor Raoul. He had risen, and now stood at the edge of the plateau overhanging the lowland landscape, his head raised, his eyes wide-opened, his whole appearance indicative of magnetic trance. While we looked he turned slowly towards us, moved his hands to and fro with a gesture of uncertainty, as though feeling his way in the dark, and spoke with a slow dreamy utterance:

"I see the lad sitting in the entrance of the cavern, looking out across the valley, as though expecting some one. He is pallid and thin, and wears a dark-coloured mantle—a large mantle—lined with sable fur."

St. Aubyn sprang from his seat. "True!" he exclaimed. "It is the mantle he was carrying on his arm when he slipped over the pass! Oh, thank God for that; it may have saved his life "

"The place in which I see your boy," continued the mountaineer, "is fully three miles distant from the plateau on which we now stand. But I do not know how to reach it. I cannot discern the track. I am at fault!" He moved his hands impatiently to and fro, and cried in tones which manifested the disappointment he felt: "I can see no more! the vision passes from me. I can discover nothing but confused shapes merged in ever-increasing darkness!"

We gathered round him in some dismay, and St. Aubyn urged the younger Raoul to attempt an elucidation of the difficulty. But he too failed. The scene in the cave appeared to him with perfect distinctness; but when he strove to trace the path which should conduct us to it, profound darkness obliterated the vision.

"It must be underground," he said, using the groping action we had already observed on Theodor's part. "It is impossible to distinguish anything, save a few vague outlines of rock. Now there is not a glimmer of light—all is profound gloom!"

Suddenly, as we stood discussing the situation, one advising this, another that, a sharp bark from one of the hounds startled us all, and immediately arrested our consultation. It was Fritz who had thus interrupted the debate. He was running excitedly to and fro, sniffing about the edge of the plateau, and every now and then turning himself with an abrupt jerk, as if seeking something which eluded him. Presently Bruno joined in this mysterious quest, and the next moment, to our admiration and amazement, both dogs simultaneously lifted their heads, their eyes illumined with intelligence and delight, and uttered a prolonged and joyous cry that reverberated chorus-like from the mountain wall behind us.

"They know! They see! They have the clue!" cried the peasants, as the two hounds leapt from the plateau down the steep declivity leading to the valley, scattering the snow-drifts of the crevices pell-mell in their headlong career. In frantic haste we resumed our loads, and hurried after our flying guides with what speed we could. When the dogs had reached the next level, they paused and waited, standing with uplifted heads and dripping tongues while we clambered down the gorge to join them. Again they took the lead; but this time the way was more intricate, and their progress slower. Single-file we followed them along a narrow winding track of broken ground, over which every moment a tiny torrent roared and tumbled;

and as we descended the air became less keen, the snow rarer, and a few patches of gentian and hardy plants appeared on the craggy sides of the mountain.

Suddenly a great agitation seized St. Aubyn. "Look! look!" he cried, clutching me by the arm; "here, where we stand, is the very spot from which my boy fell! And below yonder is the valley!"

Even as he uttered the words, the dogs halted and came towards us, looking wistfully into St. Aubyn's face, as though they fain would speak to him. We stood still, and looked down into the green valley, green even in mid-winter, where a score of goats were browsing in the sunshine. Here my friend would have descended, but the Raouls bade him trust the leadership of the dogs.

"Follow them, monsieur," said Theodor, impressively; "they can see, and you cannot. It is the good God that conducts them. Doubtless they have brought us to this spot to show you they know it, and to inspire you with confidence in their skill and guidance. See! they are advancing! On! do not let us remain behind!"

Thus urged, we hastened after our canine guides, who, impelled by the mysterious influence of their strange faculty, were again pressing forward. This time the track ascended. Soon we lost sight of the valley, and an hour's upward scrambling over loose rocks and sharp crags brought us to a chasm, the two edges of which were separated by a precipitous gulf some twenty feet across. This chasm was probably about eight or nine hundred feet deep, and its sides were straight and sheer as those of a well. Our ladders were in requisition now, and with the aid of these and the ropes, all the members of our party, human and canine, were safely landed on the opposite brink of the abyss.

We had covered about two miles of difficult ground beyond the chasm, when once more, on the brow of a projecting eminence, the hounds halted for the last time, and drew near St. Aubyn, gazing up at him with eloquent exulting eyes, as though they would have said, "*He whom you seek is here!*"

It was a wild and desolate spot, strewn with tempest-torn branches, a spot hidden from the sun by dense masses of pine foliage, and backed by sharp peaks of granite. St. Aubyn looked around him, trembling with emotion.

"Shout," cried one of the peasants; "shout, the boy may hear you!"

"Alas," answered the father, "he cannot hear; you forget that my child is deaf and dumb!"

At that instant, Theodor, who for a brief while had stood apart, abstracted and silent, approached St. Aubyn and grasped his hand.

"Shout!" repeated he, with the earnestness of a command; "call your boy by his name!"

St. Aubyn looked at him with astonishment; then in a clear piercing voice obeyed.

"*Charlie!*" he cried; "*Charlie, my boy! where are you?*"

We stood around him in dread silence and expectancy, a group for a picture. St. Aubyn in the midst, with white quivering face and clasped hands, the two Raouls on either side, listening intently, the dogs motionless and eager, their ears erect, their hair bristling round their stretched throats. You might have heard a pin drop on the rock at our feet, as we stood and waited after that cry. A minute passed thus, and then there was heard from below, at a great depth, a faint uncertain sound. One word only—uttered in the voice of a child, tremulous, and intensely earnest: "*Father!*"

St. Aubyn fell on his knees. "My God! my God!" he cried, sobbing; "it is my boy! He is alive, and can hear and speak!"

With feverish haste we descended the crag, and speedily found ourselves on a green-sward, sheltered on three sides by high walls of cliff, and bounded on the fourth, southward, by a broad stream some thirty feet from shore to shore. Beyond the stream was a wide expanse of pasture stretching down into the Arblen valley.

Again St. Aubyn shouted, and again the child-like cry replied, guiding us to a narrow gorge or fissure in the cliff almost hidden under exuberant foliage. This passage brought us to a turfy knoll, upon which opened a deep recess in the mountain rock; a picturesque cavern, carpeted with moss, and showing, from some ancient, half obliterated carvings which here and there adorned its walls, that it had once served as a crypt or chapel, possibly in some time of ecclesiastical persecution. At the mouth of this cave, with startled eyes and pallid parted lips, stood a fair-haired lad, wrapped in the mantle described by the elder Raoul. One instant only he stood there—the next he



darted forward, and fell with weeping and inarticulate cries into his father's embrace.

We paused, and waited aloof in silence, respecting the supreme joy and emotion of a greeting so sacred as this. The dogs only, bursting into the cave, leapt and gambolled about, venting their satisfaction in sonorous barks and turbulent demonstrations of delight. But for them, as they seemed well to know, this marvellous discovery would have never been achieved, and the drama which now ended with so great happiness, might have terminated in a life-long tragedy.

Therefore we were not surprised to see St. Aubyn, after the first transport of the meeting, turn to the dogs, and clasping each huge rough head in turn, kiss it fervently and with grateful tears.

It was their only guerdon for that day's priceless service: the dumb beasts that love us do not work for gold!

And now came the history of the three long months which had elapsed since the occurrence of the disaster which separated my friend from his little son.

Seated on the soft moss of the cavern floor, St. Aubyn in the midst and the boy beside him, we listened to the sequel of the strange tale recounted the preceding evening by Theodor and Augustin Raoul. And first we learnt that until the moment when his father's shout broke upon his ear that day, Charlie St. Aubyn had remained as insensible to sound and as mute of voice as he was when his accident befell him. Even now that the powers of hearing and of speech were restored, he articulated uncertainly and with great difficulty, leaving many words unfinished, and helping out his phrases with gesticulations and signs, his father suggesting and assisting as the narrative proceeded. Was it the strong love in St. Aubyn's cry that broke through the spell of disease and thrilled his child's dulled nerves into life—was it the shock of an emotion coming unexpected and intense after all those dreary weeks of futile watchfulness—or was the miracle an effect of the same Divine grace which, by means of a mysterious gift, had enabled us to track and to find this obscure and unknown spot?

It matters little; the spirit of man is master of all things, and the miracles of love are myriad-fold. For, where love abounds and is pure, the spirit of man is as the Spirit of God.

Little St. Aubyn had been saved from death, and sustained

during the past three months by a creature dumb like himself—a large dog exactly resembling Fritz and Bruno. This dog, he gave us to understand, came from “over the torrent,” indicating with a gesture the Arblen Valley; and, from the beginning of his troubles, had been to him like a human friend. The fall from the hill-side had not seriously injured, but only bruised and temporarily lamed the lad, and after lying for a minute or two a little stunned and giddy, he rose and with some difficulty made his way across the meadow slope on which he found himself, expecting to meet his father descending the path. But he miscalculated its direction, and speedily discovered he had lost his way. After waiting a long time in great suspense, and seeing no one but a few goatherds at a distance, whose attention he failed to attract, the pain of a twisted ankle, increased by continual movement, compelled him to seek a night’s shelter in the cave subsequently visited by his father at the suggestion of the peasants who assisted in the search. These peasants were not aware that the cave was but the mouth of a vast and wandering labyrinth tunnelled, partly by nature and partly by art, through the rocky heart of the mountain. A little before sunrise, on the morning after his accident, the boy, examining with minute curiosity the picturesque grotto in which he had passed the night, discovered in its darkest corner a moss-covered stone behind which had accumulated a great quantity of weeds, ivy, and loose rubbish. Boy like, he fell to clearing away these impedimenta and excavating the stone, until, after some industrious labour thus expended, he dismantled behind and a little above it a narrow passage, into which he crept, partly to satisfy his love of “exploring,” partly in the hope that it might afford him an egress in the direction of the village. The aperture thus exposed had not, in fact, escaped the eye of St. Aubyn, when about an hour afterwards the search for the lost boy was renewed. But one of his guides, after a brief inspection, declared the recess into which it opened, empty, and the party, satisfied with his report, left the spot, little thinking that all their labour had been lost by a too hasty examination. For, in fact, this narrow and apparently limited passage gradually widened in its darkest part, and, as little St. Aubyn found, became by degrees a tolerably roomy corridor, in which he could just manage to walk upright, and into which light from the outer world penetrated dimly through artificial fissures hollowed out at intervals in the rocky wall. Delighted at this

discovery, but chilled by the vault-like coldness of the place, the lad hastened back to fetch the fur mantle he had left in the cave, threw it over his shoulders, and returned to continue his exploration. The cavern gallery beguiled him with ever new wonders at every step. Here rose a subterranean spring, there a rudely carved gargoyle grinned from the granite roof; curious and intricate windings enticed his eager steps, while all the time the death-like and horrible silence which might have deterred an ordinary child from further advance, failed of its effect upon ears unable to distinguish between the living sounds of the outer world and the stillness of a sepulchre. Thus he groped and wandered, until he became aware that the gloom of the corridor had gradually deepened, and that the tiny openings in the rock were now far less frequent than at the outset. Even to his eyes, by this time accustomed to obscurity, the darkness grew portentous, and at every step he stumbled against some unseen projection, or bruised his hands in vain efforts to discover a returning path. Too late he began to apprehend that he was really lost in the heart of the mountain. Either the windings of the labyrinth were hopelessly confusing, or some *débris*, dislodged by the unaccustomed concussion of footsteps, had fallen from the roof and choked the passage behind him. The account which the boy gave of his adventure, and of his vain and long continued efforts to retrace his way, made the latter hypothesis appear to us the most acceptable, the noise occasioned by such a fall having of course passed unheeded by him. In the end, thoroughly baffled and exhausted, the lad determined to work on through the Cimmerian darkness in the hope of discovering a second terminus on the further side of the mountain. This at length he did. A faint star-like outlet finally presented itself to his delighted eyes; he groped painfully towards it, it widened and brightened slowly, till at length he emerged from the subterranean gulf which had so long imprisoned him into the mountain cave wherein he had ever since remained. How long it had taken him to accomplish this passage he could not guess, but from the sun's position it seemed to be about noon when he again beheld the day. He sat down, dazzled and fatigued, on the mossy floor of the grotto, and watched the mountain torrent eddying and sweeping furiously past in the gorge beneath his retreat. After awhile he slept, and awoke towards evening faint with hunger and bitterly regretting the affliction which prevented him from attracting help.

Suddenly, to his great amaze, a huge tawny head appeared above the rocky edge of the plateau, and in another moment a St. Bernard hound clambered up the steep bank and ran towards the cave. He was dripping wet, and carried, strapped across his broad back, a double pannier, the contents of which proved on inspection to consist of three flasks of goat's milk, and some half-dozen rye loaves packed in a tin box.

The friendly expression and intelligent demeanour of his visitor invited little St. Aubyn's confidence and reanimated his sinking heart. Delighted at such evidence of human proximity, and eager for food, he drank of the goat's milk and ate part of the bread, afterwards emptying his pockets of the few sous he possessed and enclosing them with the remaining loaves in the tin case, hoping that the sight of the coins would inform the dog's owners of the incident. The creature went as he came, plunging into the deepest and least boisterous part of the torrent, which he crossed by swimming, regained the opposite shore, and soon disappeared from view.

But next day, at about the same hour, the dog reappeared alone, again bringing milk and bread, of which again the lad partook, this time, however, having no sous to deposit in the basket. And when, as on the previous day, his new friend rose to depart, Charlie St. Aubyn left the cave with him, clambered down the bank with difficulty, and essayed to cross the torrent ford. But the depth and rapidity of the current dismayed him, and with sinking heart the child returned to his abode. Every day the same thing happened, and at length the strange life became familiar to him, the trees, the birds, and the flowers became his friends, and the great hound a mysterious protector whom he regarded with reverent affection and trusted with entire confidence. At night he dreamed of home, and constantly visited his father in visions, saying always the same words, "*Father, I am alive and well.*"

"And now," whispered the child, nestling closer in St. Aubyn's embrace, "the wonderful thing is that to-day, for the first and only time since I have been in this cave, my dog has not come to me! It looks, does it not, as if in some strange and fairy-like way he really knew what was happening, and had known it all along from the very beginning! O father! can he be—do you think—can he be an Angel in disguise? And, to be sure, I patted him, and thought he was only a dog!"

As the boy, an awed expression in his lifted blue eyes, gave utterance to this naive idea, I glanced at St. Aubyn's face, and saw that, though his lips smiled, his eyes were grave and full of grateful wonder.

He turned towards the peasants grouped around us, and in their own language recited to them the child's story. They listened intently, from time to time exchanging among themselves intelligent glances and muttering interjections expressive of astonishment. When the last word of the tale was spoken, the elder Raoul, who stood at the entrance of the cave, gazing out over the sunlit valley of the Arblen, removed his hat with a reverent gesture and crossed himself.

"God forgive us miserable sinners," he said humbly, "and pardon us our human pride! The Angel of the Lord whom Augustin and I beheld in our vision, ministering to the lad, is no other than the dog Glück who lives at the monastery out yonder! And while we men are lucid only once a year, he has the seeing gift all the year round, and the good God showed him the lad in this cave, when we, forsooth, should have looked for him in vain. I know that every day Glück is sent from the monastery laden with food and drink to a poor widow living up yonder over the ravine. She is infirm and bed-ridden, and her little grand-daughter takes care of her. Doubtless the poor soul took the sous in the basket to be the gift of the brothers, and, as her portion is not always the same from day to day, but depends on what they can spare from the store set apart for almsgiving, she would not notice the diminished cakes and milk, save perhaps to grumble a little at the increase of the beggars who trespassed thus on her pension."

There was silence among us for a moment, then St. Aubyn's boy spoke.

"Father," he asked, tremulously, "shall I not see that good Glück again and tell the monks how he saved me, and how Fritz and Bruno brought you here?"

"Yes, my child," answered St. Aubyn, rising, and drawing the boy's hand into his own, "we will go and find Glück, who knows, no doubt, all that has passed to-day, and is waiting for us at the monastery."

"We must ford the torrent," said Augustin; the bridge was carried off by last year's avalanche, but with six of us and the dogs it will be easy work."

Twilight was falling; and already the stars of Christmas Eve

climbed the frosty heavens and appeared above the snowy far-off peaks.

Filled with gratitude and wonder at all the strange events of the day we betook ourselves to the ford, and by the help of ropes and stocks our whole party landed safely on the valley side. Another half-hour brought us into the warm glow of the monk's refectory fire, where, while supper was prepared, the worthy brothers listened to a tale at least as marvellous as any legend in their ecclesiastical repertory. I fancy they must have felt a pang of regret that holy Mother Church would find it impossible to bestow upon Glück and his two noble sons the dignity of canonization.

ANNA KINGSFORD.

## *English Church Architecture.*

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THE majority of the readers of the English Catholic newspapers, probably regard with unmixed wonder the constantly-recurring "Gothic and Classical Controversy," and the truculent letters in which the champions of the styles embody their favourite views. To such persons, an attempt to give a precise statement of the causes of the controversy, and an examination into the chief arguments by which either style is defended and attacked, cannot fail to be of service, and may prove of some little general interest.

At the commencement it is well to define the precise meaning attached to the two words, "Gothic" and "Classical,"<sup>1</sup> as they will be constantly used in the following article. By "Gothic," then, is understood that style which first rose in this country about the end of the twelfth century, and was finally extinguished soon after the change of religion in the sixteenth, and is distinguished chiefly by the use of the pointed arch, and a general preponderance of vertical lines. During the above period this style was, in England (and, indeed, in most parts of Europe), exclusively used for churches and all public buildings. "Classical," or, more correctly, "Renaissance" architecture, is that which first came into use in Italy (at about the time when Gothic in England was showing its most gorgeous developments), and consists in the arrangement of the architectural

<sup>1</sup> It is much to be regretted that many vestments, ornaments, and other articles of church furniture, or decoration, in use here in England, are in the vilest style of modern French "art," flimsy, unsubstantial, and meretricious; badly designed, and badly executed; and yet, being such, pass current either as "Gothic," or the very newest from Rome, whereby false ideas as to what is "Roman" and what is "Gothic" are engendered, in the minds of those whose opportunities of acquainting themselves with devotional objects in good taste are but few; a miserable "tradition" is formed in England, ecclesiastical art is almost non-existent, and money, instead of circulating here, finds its way across the Channel into the pockets of the shopkeepers round St. Sulpice. These considerations may appear trivial, but it is not to the credit of English Catholics to allow their altars to be "decorated" with objects, of a style and composition that they would be ashamed to see in their private houses.



details of ancient Greek and Roman buildings, to suit modern tastes and requirements. This style is embodied in the Church of St. Peter in Rome: and, from having been adopted in most of the public buildings in that city, has received the additional title of "Roman." Its most important non-Catholic representative in this country is St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and among Catholics, the new Church of the Oratory, and the older Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, will be the largest and best-known examples of the use of the Classical style in the services of the Church. To come to the point. Broadly stated, the claims of the advocates of Gothic, are as follows. First, that Gothic architecture is exclusively the style which grew out of Christianity; and in this sense is entitled to be called the only Christian style. Second, that it is thereby suited in every detail to Catholic rites and ceremonies; having, in most of its developments, been produced for them. Third, that it is full of a Christian and beautiful symbolism; and lastly, that it is pre-eminently suited both to the climate of England, and to the habits of thought of the English nation; who, it is claimed, has never ceased to associate Pointed, or Gothic architecture, with the temples and ritual of the Catholic Church. In every one, and all of the above points, superiority is claimed for the Gothic in contradistinction to the Classical or Roman style, which finds its chief advocates amongst those who have visited Rome, and who see in the fact, that the chief churches in that city are built in the Classical style, a conclusive and unanswerable argument in favour of the universal adoption of Roman architecture in *all* buildings designed for Catholic worship. Apart, however, from this, doubtless praiseworthy, but still purely sentimental contention, the chief claims on the consideration of Catholic architects and church-builders in this country, made by the Classicalists, are as follows: great facilities for seeing the ceremonies of Mass, and other functions, including, of course, the post-Reformation rites of Exposition and Benediction; wall-space, available for pictures, frescoes, temporary altars, shrines, &c.; facilities for bright and cheerful decoration during great festivals, and dark and gloomy hangings in seasons of penance and mourning. These three points, we understand, are those most often, and most strongly (together with many minor contentions, affecting the shape of cruets, sance-bells, mitres, &c.), urged by the admirers of Classical art.

The first claim of the Goths to the exclusive title of "Chris-

tian," cannot, as we have already indicated, be advanced by the "Romans" in the only sense to which importance can be attached, viz., *original production* by Christians for Christian worship; though in a minor, or accidental sense, it is conceded to *any* non-Gothic style that any individual may choose to adapt to the arrangement of a Catholic church. Those, therefore, who choose to assert this claim on behalf of the Classical style, would seem to forget that there may be a vast difference between a Christian church, and a building built in the Christian style of architecture; the former may have been a temple of Venus, and the latter may be a Protestant conventicle. This admitted (and it cannot reasonably be even contested), and the fact that every other definite style in use in Europe likewise fails to fulfil the necessary condition being remembered—it is only just that this first point should be finally settled in favour of the Goths. The second point, as it stands, is not equally tenable, as a detailed examination will clearly show. Previous to the (so-called) Reformation, the only way—apart from the ordinary Mass itself—in which the Most Holy Sacrament was offered to the veneration of the faithful, was, as now, reserved in a ciborium, or tabernacle (which was frequently in the form of a dove), placed on or above the altar, or, exposed in a monstrance during a procession, but never, as in the rites of Exposition or Benediction, apart from the celebration of Holy Mass. On the introduction of the above-mentioned rites, some alteration in the arrangement of churches became necessary.

This alteration mainly took the form of the gradual abandonment of chancel-screens. These screens, once almost universally in use, served to support the large rood, or crucifix, with its accompanying figures of our Lady and St. John, and also to form the raised place from which the Holy Gospel, the *Exultet*, &c., were chanted to the people. The latter hymn is chanted in many of the churches in Rome, from the permanent stone, or marble, *ambones*; in all other places, from a temporary raised desk. According to the ancient use of Sarum, the rood-screen was also the "conspicuous place" from which seven choristers sang the hymn, *Gloria, laus et honor*, alternately with the clergy, during the Palm Sunday procession. Under these circumstances, the screen represented the walls of Jerusalem, the choristers, the Jewish people. The *sedilia*, or arched recesses, forming permanent seats for the sacred ministers, on the Epistle

side of the high altar, which are a conspicuous and beautiful feature of so many ancient churches in this country, are only objected to on account of the practical inconvenience of disposing of the stiff embroidered vestments, now so generally in use; but otherwise, and provided they are always built on the same level, there is every reason why this beautiful architectural and decorative feature should still be retained.<sup>2</sup>

The objection of the Classics to eastern windows, as tending to dazzle worshippers, is not an obvious or weighty one, to those who have assisted at functions in properly orientated churches, like St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, or the College Chapel, Old Hall Green; and, indeed, seems to be founded on a misconception, and applicable only to those churches which have "east" windows turned towards the south. Drapery, a picture (as in St. Mary's, Moorfields), statuary (as in the Madeleine, Paris), and many other decorative objects, are often far more conspicuous and "catching" to the eye than a richly coloured and properly placed east window is, after the very early morning hours.

The shape and size of holy water stoups is also a minor matter of dispute. Judging from the fact that there is a regular ceremonial appointed for presenting holy water to distinguished persons on entering a church, and none for offering it on their departure, it would appear that originally it was customary *only* to take it on entering, a custom still very generally observed in Rome itself. Pugin explains this custom as being a modification of the ancient and universal practice of actually washing the hands and mouth before taking part in public prayer. However, as this practice is obviously not enjoined at the present time, it seems unreasonable to retain the ancient shape of the stoup—which apparently was designed to be used for some such purpose—when that adopted by the "Romans" of a shallow basin is obviously more convenient and practicable. The modern usage of placing the stoup *inside* the church, is, however, an unnecessary and unseemly sacrifice of ancient tradition to modern ideas and convenience; and in this respect, we fear, many modern Gothic architects have sinned as grievously as their Classical opponents.

Another subject of contention, is the position of chapels, or altars, of our Lady and the saints. The traditional custom

<sup>2</sup> Fine examples exist in Dorchester Church, Oxon, Grafton Underwood Church, Northants, and in several other English churches.

in England was, that they should be round the east end of the church only; and, as a matter of fact, this custom was almost invariably adhered to. Westminster Abbey, Christchurch Priory, Hampshire, and all the old Cathedrals form notable examples. In some abbey churches, however, it seems probable that altars were occasionally placed in the nave, or in the chapels opening out, or screened off from other parts of the church. Convenience, regulated by a scrupulous observance of the rubrics, regulations, and traditions of the Church, seems to have guided mediæval architects and church decorators in these as in other matters. In Classical churches, however, the altars or chapels are what their modern name implies, "*side* chapels," being usually lateral, and placed against the north and south walls; in further opposition to the ancient custom, which ruled that every altar should orientate, or turn to the east. The first part of this contention, we regret to say, has been abandoned by all but the very strictest mediævalists, since both Farm Street and the new Dominican Priory Church have lateral chapels; placed, however, mostly with altars facing the same way as the high altar, and therefore not sharing the inconvenience of those arranged as in the old London Oratory, where a person hearing Mass at the "high," might be viewed in profile on either side by people hearing Masses at opposite chapels—a position not tending to devotion; as those who, like the writer, have suffered in this way, can testify.

The symbolism of church architecture next claims our attention. In itself, the vertical principle, the leading characteristic of the pointed style, is a beautiful emblem of the Resurrection, and is most conspicuous in the majestic spires of so many English cathedrals and churches. Nothing can be more perfect than the system of symbolism embodied in a complete Gothic church. The porch (generally placed on the south), containing the holy water, represents admission into the church through the Sacrament of Baptism, further symbolized by the font, placed within the church indeed, but near the door. Anciently, the first parts both of the Sacraments of Baptism and of Matrimony were performed in this part of the building, and we know of no reason why this ancient discipline should not, where practicable, be restored. The nave (from the Latin, *navis*) is a figure of the Ship of the Church, and is that portion of the sacred building set apart for the use of the faithful, and

*not* for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, a further objection to the placing of altars against the pillars of the nave, or elsewhere, where at least part of the faithful must turn their backs on the Blessed Sacrament. The chancel, sub-divided into the choir and sanctuary, is that part devoted to this sacred purpose, and was appropriately screened off from the nave by a screen, surmounted by the rood or large crucifix, signifying that entrance to Heaven can only be obtained through the Passion and Death of Christ. Therefore, in order to retain this eloquent piece of symbolism, it would be well to substitute a rood-beam (against which there can be no objection) for the practically obsolete screen and loft. In many of these points it is quite possible that a classical church should be perfectly satisfactory, but where it lamentably fails is in the *detail* of its construction and decoration. The former is, plainly speaking, founded on no principle whatever, except that of making things *appear to be* what they are not. Bricks are covered with plaster, to look like stone; stone is painted to look like marble; wood is gilt to look like metal; and indeed the one object of the inventors of this meretricious style seems to have been to make as much show with as little substance as possible. To such an extent, indeed, has this system (or rather *want* of system) been carried, that it is now practically a recognized fact, that everything that is "Roman" is *not* what it appears to be. Decoration, both in substance and in colour, is as a matter of fact confined to the copying of purely Pagan symbols, such as urns, torches, cupids, fauns, and other objects, perfectly suitable and appropriate in the temples for which they were originally designed, but glaringly meaningless, and even revolting in a Christian church. The great classical painters, too—Raphael (in his later works), Correggio, Rubens, and Michael Angelo, for instance—in many well-known cases, turned their absolutely unrivalled knowledge of colour and the human form, to the production of groups of muscular figures, perfect as studies of anatomy, but, even in the eyes of many who are neither inartistic nor uneducated, far more appropriate to the galleries of a museum in a heathen city, than to the decoration of the house of God; and whose presence there would often seem to show a most unaccountable absence of knowledge of human nature. However, to prove another wrong does not necessarily prove oneself right, and before this can be shown to be the relative position of Gothic and Classical decoration and detail, it

will be necessary to point out a few facts in favour of the older style. One of the first principles of Gothic construction is, that everything should appear to be what it is, and no more. That this is a morally correct and true principle, nobody will dispute; if then it is right in spiritual things, is it not also commendable in material things, especially in such an important affair as the erection of a building which is, as it were, the material representative of the Catholic Church, the Bride of Christ, the one Witness of Truth? In such a building should not *truth* be patent in every detail, and where is it so obvious as in a Gothic temple? The exterior is a complete index to what is within; nothing is hidden; all is honestly shown, simple or elaborate; groined roof, pinnacled buttress, cunningly wrought, gilt and painted wood or iron work; belfry, turret, tower and spire—all are of their kind perfect, and most appropriate to their several uses. The more you look into them, the more are you struck with their fitness, their beauty, and their truth. Is not a building of which these are the characteristics (so far as man can make it), a fit dwelling-place for the Holy and True God? Enough. If truth is to be the test, it is obvious which will fall of the contending styles. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* As the Classical painters of sacred pictures appear to have worked on one principle, so the Gothic or Mediæval worked on another. The former we have already commented on, so far as our subject is concerned; the latter remain. Who has gazed on the faces of Fra Angelico's, Francia's, Perugino's, or Botticelli's saints and angels, and not felt that, despite the crudeness of drawing and possible ignorance of perspective, they were indeed like revelations from Heaven, in their unearthly beauty and calm rest and happiness? Whatever artistic enthusiasts may assert, it is better to sacrifice drawing or anatomy to expression and religious feeling (though now there is no reason why these sacrifices should be made), and not to use a sacred subject as a mere medium for the exhibition of a quantity of anatomical studies.

The last point we have noted for review is the suitability of the Gothic style to the climate of England, and, still more important, to the associations and predispositions of the English people. On the part of the Goths, it is forcibly urged that the sloping roof, deeply cut mouldings, and broken sky-line of a Gothic building, are far more appropriate to this dull and rainy climate, than the lead flats, shallow mouldings, and horizontal



lines of Classical buildings, of any kind, which can only appear in their perfection in the clear and sunny lands of their birth. It is often urged by those who are comparatively indifferent, why, if Gothic is as superior as its votaries claim, was it ever abandoned? To this we can only reply, we do not know; and in return ask another question: Do men always choose that which is best for them? To which it can only be replied, that they do not, because in many cases they do not like it, and prefer something else. This is possibly the original reason why Gothic was abandoned, and the Classical style adopted; since the former is avowedly in keeping with that spirit which makes the Psalmist say, *Peccatum meum contra me est semper*. In England, surrounded by the vast and solemn monuments of the Catholic faith, which are still regarded with awe and respect, it would be almost impossible for the ordinary Englishman to associate that ancient faith with any other style of architecture (unless, indeed, he has travelled to Rome, which the ordinary person alluded to does *not* do). Of course he may be mistaken and deluded in so doing. But this is not the point. As he does so, would it not be best to take advantage of his predispositions, and show him that the Catholic Church *now* is the same that erected those buildings, whose ruins he admires; and that that Church alone can make use of such buildings, use for which they were obviously intended?

Into the "Musical" or "Vestment" controversies we do not propose to enter, though each may be considered to be closely allied to the strictly architectural question; the same principles, of symbolic art opposed to realistic art, being involved in all. Until the rules and regulations concerning both Church music and vestments are enforced by competent authority, the most satisfactory arrangement that suggests itself is, that a style suited to and in keeping with the edifice in which they are respectively to be used, should be adopted and maintained in both the above matters. Gothic cut vestments and materials seem as glaringly incongruous in a classical temple as modern French or Roman do in a *chef d'œuvre* of the great Pugin.

In conclusion, the writer distinctly disclaims any attempt or intention to dogmatize on a subject which, by competent authority, has been left open. It has only been attempted, in all charity, to apply general principles—given for guidance in open questions—to particular subjects, which the activity of the Church in this country has brought into prominence. The question is not what



has been done in the past, but what it is best to do in the future. That the Church has done great works with instruments that seem scarcely worthy of her, is no conclusive argument that such instruments should be *chosen*, when others that do appear fitting are at hand; and it must also be remembered that what is fitting and admirably suited to the service of the Church under one set of circumstances, may be totally out of place and unworthy in another. In most of the once Catholic nations of the Continent, the Church has been defrauded or robbed of her princely revenues; her Head himself is practically dependent on the alms of the faithful; and in but few places can she appear in her ancient glory. While sorrowfully admitting these circumstances, would it not be better that English Catholics should strive to resuscitate the mediæval splendour of the Roman Church in this land, instead of seeking to approximate their taste to a comparatively new and certainly doubtful foreign standard?

We can most confidently affirm, that there is nothing in the use of a national style incompatible with the deepest loyalty and affection for the Holy See, on the part of Catholics, whose faith teaches them that unity is an essential note of Christ's Church, and that only in communion with that See is unity to be found.

G. AMBROSE LEE.

## *The Lady of Raven's Combe.*

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### CHAPTER XXXII.

IT would seem that Leofric, though disappointed and puzzled, had been able to console himself through excess or defect of nature. Hope must have been excessive, or love deficient; for certain it is that he showed all credible signs of satisfaction in dancing, talking, and walking about with the Privileged Catholic's daughter at that very time, to say nothing of before and after.

Crayston, who had arrived at Monksgallows, exactly one minute before eight, was kindly allowing his host to pump him about the Stranger, and even furnishing him with catch-words, that led on, as if by accident. The information amounted to this: That he (the Stranger) wrote to Crayston at intervals. That, when he did so, he said nothing about his wishes or intentions, nothing about coming back, nothing about himself. Lord Ledchester, who had of late entertained a suspicion that somehow the Stranger's popery would be less grievous than Leofric's, and be preferable to any one else, except those whom the turning had excluded, wrote a little note to his wife in these words, and sent it upstairs: "Make him tell you all about the Stranger. I can't get it out of him." The little note was not required, for she had intended to cross-examine Crayston fully and finally on that point; but it gave some relief to him, and when she appeared, conversation flowed well enough, with Crayston's help.

Lady Maud did not appear.

After dinner Crayston said, "What a lovely evening! The orangery must look like fairy-land in the moonlight; and the view from it——"

"Suppose we go there," said Lady Ledchester. And there they went—that is, he and she, as both had intended; but they forgot the orange flowers, and the moonlight and the view

beyond. Lord Ledchester estimated his position as grievous in excess, for he neither knew nor could imagine what he ought or ought not to do: whereupon he went on the terrace, looked about, and finding no solace there, came back.

"I don't know when my guests will return from Raven's Combe," said Crayston to Lady Ledchester in the orangery. "Leofric Dytchley will keep it up as long as he can."

"Will he?" said Lady Ledchester.

"Yes, he will. I shouldn't wonder if he married that lively young lady—I mean, if she will accept him."

"And yet he was not much with her. He followed us all over the grounds, and went away looking miserable. I was quite sorry for him."

"You needn't be that. He isn't made of the stuff to feel much or long."

"Well, I really was, and felt quite angry with Maud for not preventing it. I can't bear that any one should fancy himself led on beyond—what he may be sure of."

The prudent reservation puzzled him. Was it a general principle only? or did it apply to the case in point? He thought not, and wished likewise with all his might; but then, his knowledge of women was limited to a few types, not of the higher sort. He felt the want, was angry with it, snubbed it as an impertinent interference with his intellectual prerogatives: but there it was, or rather, was not, and there was Lady Ledchester, who had told him precisely so much. She was not going to say more about it, nor he to ask the question—assuredly not. If he did, she would infer that he had asked it in the interest of the Stranger. Just then he saw, and she did not see, that Lady Maud had come into the orangery through another door. This was one of the serviceable accidents that he had often utilized in the course of his prosperous life, and he began to utilize it now.

"Ah! but you mustn't think that as regards her," he said, directing his voice on one side of the large orange-trees behind which Lady Maud was then passing slowly. "A man like young Dytchley is so dense, that he wouldn't see anything less than a decided snub."

"Yes; but his religion, you know, makes one tolerate what one couldn't otherwise have endured for her," said Lady Ledchester.

Thought Crayston to himself as gruffly as mental words can

represent gruffness, "I don't care what you feel about it." Then he said aloud to Lady Ledchester, "But the religion would hardly make you wish for such a marriage as that, surely. I felt for her so much, that I was thankful when the whole thing was over; and I longed, all the time, to rescue her from it. Average young ladies would have seen what he meant, and got rid of him, if they didn't like it; but she has the simplicity of a noble nature, and the consideration for others. Her manner was a sufficient warning off—sufficient for any one. I could see it, though I was walking behind."

Lady Maud was in a difficult position. She must either show herself, or risk being seen in going back, or remain an involuntary eavesdropper. She bent forward to see which way they were looking, and saw their faces turned in the direction by which alone she could pass.

"I shall seem to have listened," she thought, "if I try to go back. Shall I show myself?" Shivering at the idea, she moved as far away as possible, watched until they turned in their walk, so that their backs were towards her, and passed into a small conservatory within, where she could no longer hear them. But Crayston had seen the movement out of the corner of his eye, and he edged his way towards the half-open door, so that she must either stay and hear him, or go and be seen opening another door into the house.

"You think me hard upon him," he added, "but I really am not. He would never do for *her*. It is out of the question. You never could make anything of him. He is a fool, and worse, and is getting over head and ears in debt."

"In debt? is he? I had no idea of that."

"It is so, though, I can assure you. I know it for a fact."

"Your sympathy and appreciation of poor dear Maud," said Lady Ledchester, "is very consoling in one's troubles—very. She is all you say; and that makes the whole thing so much worse."

"In one point of view," said Crayston, "it does, of course. When one loves and admires what is truly good and beautiful, one longs that all things relating to it should be of the best: but then, as things are, we seldom, if ever, find it so. Qualities and actions are appreciated as they are understood; and the nobler they are the fewer will understand them, because the many are too far below. Geese (if the story is true) stoop when they go under an archway. I have never tested the fact myself, but I

do know that average people, when they are ignorantly and insensibly under the influence of a higher nature than their own, are no wiser than the typical goose."

Lady Ledchester was not quite sure that her knowledge of the world included so much; but so greatly did she appreciate the praise of Lady Maud, at least as to the amount, that she was unable to conceal her pleasure. "I suppose they do," she said. "I am sure they do. I have—I *must* have seen it—and I know, of course, that nothing is, or can be perfect in this world. But you see, it isn't quite that. Religion is the great obstacle. It shuts out the good and the high minded—just those who would be the most satisfactory. I have only known one, of her religion, that I thought was—or, at least, might be, ought to be—worthy of her. But the truth seems impossible to get at."

This was intended to extract something about the Stranger; but Crayston preferred unknown quantities just then.

"Are you quite sure," he said, "that the religious convictions or persuasions, or opinions of the satisfactory men would turn out to be so very solid? My notion is that you must look a good deal lower in the scale of motives, as a rule. Most men lose, more or less, and sometimes very much, by going back to the old religion of England, because the country has rejected it and persists in attributing its prosperity to the fact of having done so, though the rich are practically much poorer, and pauperism has become an institution. People take the Establishment to be a sort of Palladium, and individuals know that, if they drop it, they will decidedly be the losers. I don't think much of a man for merely sticking to that and going to church on Sunday mornings—not even if he writes a letter to a newspaper about 'our beautiful liturgy'—unless I happen to know more of him than is generally known about sons-in-law before the fact."

"Yes, of course—one must. But one *can* be sure of some, you know."

"No doubt; but Protestantism isn't the only test of that. It has the lion's portion of all worldly advantages, but it can't put a protective duty on personal qualities."

"No, of course not. But the Roman Catholics are so few."

"Yes: and that would make the addition-sum less. But don't you find as good diamonds in Hunt and Roskell's counter as if you had his whole collection, set and unset, before you to choose from?"

"Yes: but my personal knowledge of Roman Catholics, you know, is so limited: and when one knows that, to begin with, their religion is false——"

"Are we so very certain of that?" said Crayston, assuring himself by a cautious glance at the half-open door that Lady Maud must hear what he said. "We may be right in conscience and wrong in belief. After all, they only believe more than we were taught to believe, not less; and they can give a much better account of their belief than we do. Suppose they should turn out to be right?"

"You always were the most mysterious of men," said Lady Ledchester, looking at him curiously; "but I own that I am surprised at hearing you say that."

"And yet," said he, "I only stated a fact, without note or comment. There is no use in denying it. They have the words of Scripture for the Real Presence, for the supremacy of the Pope, for the power of the Keys, for the continuance and indefectibility of their Church. The infallibility of the Pope, defined as it is, follows logically, and the Immaculate Conception cannot reasonably be denied without denying the Incarnation."

"Oh! how *can* you say that?"

"Well, if our Saviour is God, and the Virgin was His Mother, the Virgin is the Mother of God, and sin of any kind, even without actual commission of it, would be strangely out of place in her. In fact, many good churchmen in the Established Church are beginning to see that."

"I don't see it. She was only a woman."

"Yes; but their answer is, in the first place, that so was Eve, who certainly was created without original sin; secondly, that what they call actual sin (sin committed, not inherited) is unthinkable of one who was chosen to be the Mother of God. They would tell you that, and I don't see any answer to it, if you believe in the hypostatic union of the Divine and Human Natures. Genuine Protestants, as a rule, don't understand it so. They take her to be the Mother of the Man only——"

"Well! and how can she be the Mother of her Creator?"

"By His being born of her. If A.B. is a duke's wife, and a duke's wife is a duchess, A.B. is a duchess. And by the same necessity, if the Virgin is the Mother of Christ and Christ is God, Mother of God she must be."

"But He was God before——"

"And the duke was a duke before he married; but after his marriage, he, the same being, is both a duke and a married man, and A.B. is his wife and a duchess. The miraculous union of the Divine and Human Natures cannot undo a fact as clear as that two and two make four. The Athanasian Creed compares the union of the Divine and Human Natures in Him to the union of soul and body in one human being. 'Nothing can be clearer than that,' they would say. For the soul and body make up the individual man and woman, and the soul can live without the body, but not the body without the soul, just as the Divine Nature could be without the human, but not *vice versa* as regards the God-Man. They would say that; and they would ask you why, when you take literally the words about Hell, and the creation of Adam, and the miraculous birth of our Saviour, and other things that are contrary to our experience, you should force the words about the Real Presence, and about St. Peter, and about the power of binding and loosing, into a metaphorical sense, against their obvious meaning."

"I shouldn't care if they did," said she; "and I wonder at you."

"Why? For telling you what they can and do say? Answer them, if you can, from the stand-point of the Hypostatic Union and the words of Scripture that I have referred to. *I can't.*"

"I should ask them to explain first how He can be in thousands of places at once——"

"And they would ask you how He fed five thousand people with five loaves and two small fish, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments. I have been looking into these questions a good deal lately, so that I know what they have to say on their side."

"Haven't we had enough of this, as you tell me that I can't answer them?" said she.

Crayston was firmly of that opinion, for he had taken care that Lady Maud should hear what he said, and wanted to leave well alone.

"Yes," he said; "and I ought to be at home, like a well-behaved host."

"No," said she. "They won't be back yet. Now what do you infer from all these wonderful answers that you talk about."

"Just what I began with," said he in a lower voice, directed away from Lady Maud. "That we are not sure enough of



Catholics being in the wrong to venture on condemning their characteristic doctrines as unquestionably false. But I thought you had had enough of the subject."

"Yes—of all those reasons for turning. But I wanted to hear what you had to say about the diamonds that you can find as abundantly in a small number as in a larger."

"Not so many," said he, "but enough. If you only want one, the larger numerical choice is no particular advantage."

"Yes; but suppose there are none?"

"I won't suppose that," said he.

"I thought I knew one," she said; "and so did you. What am I to think of him? You *must* have seen how much I wanted to know that; and you *might*, as so very old a friend, have told me. You know who I mean. I ask you now once for all, plainly, 'What am I to think of him?'"

"I told you why he went away," said Crayston, turning his face towards the spot where Lady Maud still was.

"You told me," said she, "that he thought of going over. Has he done so in these five months, or not?"

"I don't know."

"You don't?"

"No, I don't. He has not mentioned it, and I felt I could hardly ask him."

"Was it on account of Maud that he thought of doing so?"

"He said that it was not."

"Was it for the lady you spoke of once?"

"What lady?"

"The lady—you can't forget what you said—some foreigner, when he was beginning life."

"I never thought of asking him that."

"Still you must have an opinion about it. I won't be put off in that way."

"And when," said he, "did I ever do so? I assure you solemnly that I never felt less inclined for joking than I do now."

"Then give me your opinion."

"Private opinion is not evidence," he answered with much unwillingness of manner, expression, and sound. "I am sure you would never wish me to forget so clear a principle of justice."

"Is all your justice and consideration, then, to be for him only, and none for me?"

Her voice was so terribly appealing that he shrank from it as an extravagance in the economy of life, and turned as if to leave the conservatory.

"Do you think there is a lady in the case?" said she, laying her hand on his arm. "I ask you again."

"Her question is that only," thought he. "I am not bound to say more."

"Do you think there is a lady in the case?" repeated Lady Ledchester, grasping his arm till he flinched at the grip.

He fixed his eyes on the floor, to hide the evil light that was in them, and said in a thick voice, "I think there is—as you *will* have it."

Lady Ledchester's fingers relaxed their hold. She asked no more. She only said, "Shall we go in?"

Lady Maud had heard all that was meant for her to hear, and passed from the conservatory to her bed-room; but whether seen or unseen she knew not.

Crayston said a few words to Lord Ledchester, and went home to receive the Privileged Catholic.

"What did you hear?" said Lord Ledchester, looking towards the door just closed.

There was no answer, for she had not heard him. Her eyes were full of tears, and her breathing short. He waited awhile, came nearer, and sitting down beside her, repeated the question.

"He seems to have behaved abominably," she said.

"Are you sure?" said Lord Ledchester.

"Yes, as far as I can make out from Mr. Crayston," she answered, and then looked up suddenly into his face with a strange meaning.

"What is it?" he said. "I can't make you out."

"I wish I could make *him* out," she answered. "He has talked of nothing else all this evening but of all their reasons for turning. I can hardly believe it, but——"

"Believe what? can't you tell me?"

"I may be wrong," said she. "Very likely I *am* wrong—most likely—for I have had worry enough to drive me mad. But I have a suspicion that——"

"That what?"

"*That he is thinking of Maud for himself!*"

Lord Ledchester was a patient man and in no way demonstrative, but he jumped out of his chair, as if a fire had just been lighted under it, and staring into her eyes, ejaculated :

"No! you can't mean——"

"I do," she said.

"And what makes you——?"

"I can't explain. I don't know. One can't say how one sees things."

"Well, but—you know—I can't believe it," said Lord Ledchester, looking hard on the carpet, as if searching there for an explanation of what he had been told.

He looked up to see what effect his question was going to produce. "Where *are* you?" he said, finding an empty space before him. "Look here! Listen a moment. I can show you how——"

Whatever he might have shown, he was unable to show it. She had left the room and was half-way up stairs, laughing hysterically, while tears rushed in a rolling stream down her cheeks. He shook himself and walked away with an unelastic step.

"This," he said, "is more grievous than anything."

Lady Maud was in her bed-room, praying before a crucifix, when she felt the vibration of a nervous tread and heard her mother's voice.

"Forgive me," said Lady Ledchester, "for speaking so harshly. Yes! Don't say that I did not. I did—in spite of myself, against my own feelings, against my own will—just as I did before under the same pressure. I seemed impelled by the pain it gave me; I have heard more since then. I was wrong about Raven's Combe, dreadfully wrong. Would that it were the only mistake, the only——"

"Deception," she was going to say; but utterance failed. She knew not that Lady Maud was in the orangery when Crayston spoke of the Stranger in words of poisoned inference.

Lady Maud looked up appealingly for an explanation, "*Do tell me all,*" she said.

"I have—as far as I can. I know so little, so very little."

"Yes: but do you know anything more?"

"Can I say that I do know it yet?" thought Lady Ledchester. And if not——"

"Do you know anything more?" repeated Lady Maud.

"No. I have not been able to do that—not yet. But I shall by-and-bye—soon. *I will do it.* But don't think of leaving us. You must promise me that."

"*I will do it,*" Lady Ledchester said again. But her hand

was on the door-handle. She shrank from that appealing look, as we shrink at the sight of pain when there are no attainable means of relief.

Lady Maud said no more. She had read the meaning of the answer, and that meaning was the worst—a virtual acknowledgment of the poisoned inference.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THE manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will," says Professor Huxley in his *Lay Sermons*, "are known (to all but the subjects of them) only as transitory changes in the relative parts of the body; speech, gesture, &c., being resolvable into muscular contraction." Ignorant people might dispute the rights of a contraction to have this monopoly of showing. "If I have reasoned out a question," they would say, "or am sorry for something, or have a headache, or have determined on a course of action, don't I make myself better understood by telling you so than by not telling you? Has a muscular contraction so many ways of expressing itself that you can distinguish by it one process of reasoning from another, or know for certain what I am sorry for, or that I am sorry at all, and not out of temper or bilious?" But such people know nothing and must have gone back in the line of evolution; for Mrs. Hopkins, *alias* Giannina Somebody, was quite sure of it when she met Crayston's butler and looked at his face, late in the afternoon of the following day. She read his manifestations as in a book, and, unlike the majority of book-readers, understood them. The Privileged Catholic and her daughter were then travelling to the big city, while Crayston, doing likewise by a later train, was explaining to a fellow-traveller the meteorological origin of myths, and showing with much unction how grand the Christian idea becomes when its pedigree is traced from the first efforts of an infant race to comprehend the marvels of nature. The fellow-traveller thought that Eternal Truth would be a more satisfactory beginning, and Crayston agreed therewith, adding that, on the Christian theory, all truth is eternal. The fellow-traveller cautiously abstained from a reply, lest he should commit himself to something out of his depth.

"Eternal," repeated Crayston, "because it was foreknown by

the Eternal Being. And then, it becomes known to us in so many ways. The eyes of the disciples, for instance, were opened at Emmaus without a word of explanation, and the death of Herod was made known to St. Joseph in a dream. Perhaps none of us know how much is learnt in dreams, waking and sleeping. Life is a kind of dream, for neither truth nor happiness could be realized in the mind without imagination, the universal language of dreams."

Here he judiciously paused, and soon afterwards his fellow-traveller got out at a station, saying to himself, "A clever fellow, that, and thinks a lot." Crayston being left in his own company, began to think of his own affairs, and was satisfied with them. Even the Stranger had helped him by default, for he had never mentioned Lady Maud's name. "And I know," he thought, "that he hasn't been at Peveridge Bay, because the old housekeeper with the corkscrew curls promised me that if he came there, she would inquire how he was, and let me know."

Mrs. Hopkins held a different opinion about that, and was then laughing about it to herself, while Crayston's butler was not laughing at all at the prospect of seeing her.

The place of meeting was the hovel already used as a theatrical dressing-room, and thereabouts the butler stood waiting for her. When she approached, he became aware of an excessive longing to be somewhere else, for her countenance implied the exhortation of Cloten to Pisanio: "*Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry*—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly."

"*Sono le tre e mezza*," said he, looking at his watch and pointing with one finger towards Marlton, while he drew back the other arm to express the distance between the two places.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Hopkins in English.

"Why cannot we speak Italian?" said he. "It would be better."

"In Italian—eh? How should you say that? Never mind! never mind! You shall have time to return soon enough. Should it not appear more strange that I am walking in the field now than that you, a big man of middle age, *ed anche un po' attempato*, should be out of the house in the afternoon when the *padrone* is gone to London?"

"Yes, but I go, too—to-morrow morning (Saturday) at seven

o'clock. And the plate is not yet packed, and he will want it in London for a dinner-party on Monday."

"You shall have time to pack the plate. Also I have my affairs in the house. But I want you to do something. You know where is Netherwood, I think."

The butler shrugged his shoulders and looked as if he were trying to remember.

"You have *heard* of it," said she. "It is not so far from Freville Chase. Shall I say more, to show to you that you understand me? No? All right! You must go there, dressed as old pedlar——"

A loud negative interrupted the instructions, but she took no heed of it. "Dressed as old pedlar," she repeated. "Remember that, if certain things, you know, should be heard—which may be heard, if you are not prudent—it should not be good for you."

The butler, who already felt heated over the whole surface of his body, began to perspire, for the mission was of a compromising nature, and incidentally expensive; and besides that, the plate had to be packed and he had to be off with it at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Never mind," said she, reading the muscular contraction clearly. "No one shall know it, and there shall be time to pack the plate."

"But I am tired. I have come on foot from the station at Wereford."

"Tired! you are not leetle boy. Now listen! Here is the dress in this bag; and here are the silks for to sell. See how I have thought of all! You shall return to Wereford and go in the train to Lynham, and in a fly to Great Brackley—that is leetle village near to Netherwood. There you shall go on foot, and make yourself old pedlar in some place like this. Then you shall go to Netherwood to see the old butler. I want to know how he calls himself—and you shall ask him of the old times, and make him to believe that you knew Milord de Freville's father in those times, and Sir Richard and all in that country. Have you understood? You must make them to believe that you knew them, and have sold to them silks twenty-six years ago; and must know if the old butler was at Netherwood then, and if there are other old servants there now. The old housekeeper died sudden last week. You shall say that you have note from her just before, and you shall know

from them if she was at Netherwood, in those old times. If you pretend to know much, they shall tell to you what I want. I have my reasons, which I shall tell to you after; but now you must go, and then you shall have time to pack the plate."

"Pardon me," said the butler, putting himself into a posture of moral dignity. "I cannot do this. Reflect a little——"

"I have reflected to it," said Mrs. Hopkins, "and I say that it shall be better for you. I cannot go there. They should know the voice. But you can go, and it shall be very good for you. We shall be rich, and then we shall depart this country. It is better that you be not here too long—you know why. And then, after to have waited so much time, we can at last——"

Her voice had softened significantly, and the butler knew what it meant. His jaw fell, and he cursed in private everything that had, or might have, directly or indirectly, helped in causing him to be there.

"After so much time," she repeated. "How much time is it since we——"

He pulled up the collar of his coat with a nervous twitch, muttered something about destiny, and began to move away, but she followed him with her feet, her eyes, her whole presence, to say nothing of her voice, which made him halt and front at the word "*Bada!*"

"Worse for you, *traditore*," said she, "if you not make me to forget how much time is past from those days. And the destiny. Destiny! Who made the destiny? Tell me that! It touches you to think of that. It depends from you that I pardon you or venge myself. Oh! I shall venge myself so much more that I have loved you so much."

The butler looked about and entertained the idea of taking to his heels. Many years before then he had taken advantage of modern progress as means of separation, and now, in spite of pecuniary advantages, possible, probable, or even certain, he desired nothing so much as a wide interval of space between them. First of all, he was afraid of her; and indeed he was likely to be so, having corrupted her faith and then aroused against himself the evil spirit he had awakened. Secondly, it was his belief that she would not forgive him, but contrariwise, pay him off. Lastly, she looked so very odd, puffed out with strangely proportioned padding and corkscrew curls. He could face a distant prospect of the marriage, for there are divers countries



in Europe, and steam solves many local difficulties; but those corkscrew curls were too much for him in connection with his early engagement. They made him feel ridiculous, and Italians dislike that. She read the conclusions again, whereat he was the more frightened.

"Yes, I am Giannina," she said. "Never mind! This old wig is good for now, and also the big dress and the lines that I have painted on the face. Soon you shall see me as I was."

Here an involuntary expression of disbelief on his part made her angry, and she added in a threatening tone, "As I was after you abandoned me. Have you understood?"

"I said nothing," pleaded the butler.

"Never mind," said she. "It was the jealousy. We was made the one for the other, and that destiny has not to do with us more. Now you shall go to Netherwood, and there you shall do our affair. It shall be good for you, very good."

"Yes, it is better to go now," said he, trying to conceal the relief that he felt at the idea of going. "It is late, and I have so much to do."

"Also I must go," said she. "*A rivederci*."

"*A rivederci!*" he echoed boldly; and being free to go, went without any delay. She turned once to look at him; and if he had seen her muscular contractions, he would have walked faster.

"*Quanto sei caro!*" she said aloud, "Think you perhaps to find the same Giannina? Believe to me, you shall know something. I pardon you—eh? Pardon you like good Christian? But, my dear, you have taught me not to believe those old superstitions; and you know why the priest tell us to pardon the enemy. It is to make themselves pardon for all the lies they tell. Already you know it. Never mind! It is your destiny, and also mine. We have not the *libero arbitrio*, the free will. You know that, because you have taught it to me."

Whatever belief might be in store for him, he certainly had a clear perception then of the difference between what she was and what she had been. He cursed his fate, and the bag that she had made him take, and the box of pedlar's goods that she had forced into his hands at the same time, but especially the latter, wrapped up as it was in several thicknesses of sacking. The sun was hot, the hill steep, and the distance on to Wereford six miles at least. After much panting and puffing he stood still, rubbed his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, and

feeling rather nervous as to the contents of the bag, which contained the disguise he was expected to assume, proceeded to examine its contents. There he found the following articles of dress for his use: A tail-coat with a high and very greasy collar, an old red waistcoat, corduroys very old, ditto grey stockings, a brown neckcloth folded to reach the chin, a much worn pair of hobnail boots, and a closely fitting cap made of cat's skin. When he had inspected the lot he suspected her of "poking fun at him," and swore largely; but he interrupted himself to open two bundles that attracted his attention at the bottom of the bag. One of these contained a yellowish white wig and a false beard of the same hue; in the other he found a small looking-glass, a pill box full of colouring matter, a paint-brush to apply the same, a pair of blue spectacles and a paste-board stomach. The scene would have enlivened a bystander, but caused no mirth in him. He saw no fun in it at all, though his Giannina did in imagination.

"If they were only clean," he said in a whimpering voice, when he had fully sworn; and then he walked on, carrying his load.

The walk was so unpleasant in every way, that had he not been thoroughly afraid of Giannina, disguised or otherwise, he certainly would have left her gifts under the hedge; for, besides being tired and hot, he fancied that every one he passed was looking suspiciously at him and his luggage. The rough cover round the pedlar's box chafed his heated body, and being troublesome to hold, forced him to hug it, as if its contents were important, while his left arm was aching with the weight of the undesirable property that rolled about in the large bag like ballast broken loose.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A FEW minutes before five o'clock Crayston's butler limped into the station at Wereford, dusty and footsore, but relatively gladdened. There would be a train for Lyneham at five, and from Lyneham could he not go home instead of to Netherwood? Could he not say afterwards to the "same Giannina" that he had found the distance too great—that it was impossible for him to go so far when he had to pack the plate and start at seven o'clock in the morning? This view was comforting, but he

presently felt it to be unsound, because Giannina, as Giannina or as Mrs. Hopkins, would certainly rule that he must do her bidding, whether he could or not. He set down his two burdens where no porter was, that so they might have a chance of being lost, as they would have been, but for an active servant of the company; and then he took his place in a dark angle of a third class carriage, where he sat undisturbed and unknown till the train stopped at Lyneham. He grasped the undesirable property and walked out of the station with head erect, having promised himself that, when required *hic et nunc* to be the husband of Giannina he would betake himself to some place or places where she was not, or if there, could do him no harm. Emboldened by this comforting assurance, he thought more lightly of the expedition to Netherwood; for, indeed, most of the plate had been packed the day before, and he had no orders to start at seven in the morning. So that he came forth humming *La donna è mobile*, till a porter, carrying a portmanteau, said, "By your leave," and put the portmanteau into a fly. In the fly was a handsome man, whom no true observer could see without remarking, nor remark without interest, nor, having remarked, fail to notice that his hair was prematurely grey, his figure bent by sorrow, his outlook fixed beyond visible things. Crayston's butler has not told any one what observations he made, but certain it is that he made off as fast as he could, and seeing another fly, straightway jumped in, offering the driver half-a-crown for himself on condition of his driving quickly to Great Brackley.

The gentleman who had caused him to flee (for a gentleman he was, whatever else he might or might not be), watched him for a moment, and then said to a porter, "Can you tell me who that is, and where he lives? I fancy that I know him; but he was in a hurry, and I am not sure."

"Well, sir," said the porter, "I know his face, but I can't say about his name. He lives butler somewhere about here, I believe. The fly-man knows where to drive to, sir? Yes, sir, all right." They went on, and on went the fly with Crayston's butler in it. The butler thought more than once of getting out, walking home, and leaving his burdensome baggage in a ditch; but on the whole, he considered the unpleasant enterprise preferable to the chance of another recognition, and therefore, since he knew not which way the cause of his alarm might be going, he trusted his fortunes to the friendly power of distance.

Nevertheless, his confidence was limited, especially after he had left the fly at Great Brackley, and gone forth to appear under false pretences. First of all, he had to know his way; but he learnt that by asking a boy and by seeing the park from a hill. Secondly, he must find the hovel recommended by his tormentor. Thirdly, how was he to frame his questions at Netherwood, so as to ensure a correct report for Giannina and safety for himself? He thought of that continually, and his teeth chattered when the hovel appeared in sight.

Perhaps no man ever changed his dress more rapidly, for he fancied every moment that some one was peeping at him from the outside whilst a county policeman might be standing by, holding a pair of handcuffs. He then put on the wig, then the false beard, then the cat's-skin cap, and then, holding up the looking-glass, applied the colouring matter to his face. When he had done this, and satisfied himself as to the result, he undid the sacking, opened the pedlar's box, examined the goods therein, and found that Mrs. Hopkins (otherwise and substantially Giannina) had ticketed the price on each. Besides that, she had put a cotton umbrella inside the sacking.

"*Benone!*" said he, and away he went as fast as his legs would take him, carrying the umbrella in one hand, the bag in the other, the blue spectacles on his nose, and the pedlar's box in pedlar's fashion.

He was now in better spirits. This venture, he thought, if successful (and why not, when he had succeeded so far?) would satisfy Giannina and make time subservient, or at least accommodating, to his own arrangements; but his legs were weary, his feet sore, and the way proved itself to be longer than he had expected. When he hobbled up to the back door at Netherwood, half an hour after sunset, he was conscious of a strong temptation to wish that he had not exactly come there so late.

There were no lights to be seen, and the only sound he heard was the distant hooting of an owl. "Could every one be in bed?" he thought; "and what would they say to his coming at such an hour?" He rang the bell nervously, and thereupon the big dog, who had been asleep, came at him to the full extent of his chain. The corduroy breeches had never been made to move so quickly. Indeed there is no saying how far they would have been carried by their occupant, had not a young woman appeared at the door, and said in a tone of suspicious alarm, "Who's there?"

The question took immediate effect, as it was likely to do, circumstances considered. It was evident that he had better not retreat now, loaded as he was and leg weary, with a chance of being pursued in the park by an active gamekeeper, and perhaps by the big dog. This last suggestion of prudence was the more conclusive to his mind when he turned and saw the young woman's hand on the dog's collar. "Excuse me for having come so late," said he, taking breath twice while he spoke.

"What have you come for?" said the young woman, eyeing with evident suspicion his curious costume, particularly the tail-coat, and the cat's-skin cap.

"I have been in the habit of coming here for many years, to sell my wares," he answered in his most winning voice, "but not lately. I was a long time in the hospital. I am old now, and walk slowly. That is why I have come so late. Does the old housekeeper live here still? She knows me very well: but I am too late. I will come again to-morrow, if I live; and then you can see if you like anything that I have to sell, I sold a black silk dress to the housekeeper but a few years back, and she told me, the last time I was here, how well it had worn. You must have often seen her in it."

"She is dead," answered the young woman, loosening her grasp of the dog's collar. "But I do remember a black silk gown she set great store by, and wore on Sunday afternoons. Poor soul, she died a week ago."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said he. "I have known her so many years. We were of the same age. Poor good Mrs—— (oh, this asthma!) poor good Mrs——"

"Tucker," said the young woman, pitying his infirmities. "What a bad cough you have, to be sure!"

"Yes, it comes all in a moment, like that. Poor Mrs. Tucker! Good night, miss. I had better show my things to-morrow, when you can see them better."

"I may as well see them now," said the young woman reflectively, for she wanted a wedding-dress, and knew that pedlar's wares are sometimes good, as well as cheap. "Have you anything that would make up—any silks?"

He opened the box as quickly as possible, and seeing a piece of lilac silk, said, "I never advise in these things; but perhaps this might please you, and I can warrant it to be the best from Lyons."

It did please her, but she turned it about and examined it critically.

"I think it will do," she said, "if the price does."

"I sold some black silk, as I told you, to poor Mrs. Tucker," said he, "and she told me herself that she had worn the dress twenty years. I remember that she wore it the last time I saw her: but that was before you were old enough to be here."

"I dare say," said she, "I haven't been here two years yet."

"Then it was a year before you came," said he. "How long have I known her? Twenty-six years, I think."

"Law, yes—if you have been coming here all that time—for she lived over thirty years in the family. What's the price of this?"

"The price of it, you see, is three pounds—and very cheap at that, but to tempt you, I'll offer it for half-price. You shall have it for thirty shillings. Look here—sixteen yards, twenty-four inches wide. I bought it from a sailor who had come from foreign countries. That is why I can let you have it so cheap."

"That's very honest of you," said the simple girl. "Wait a bit, till I get the money."

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" said a muscular woman, who appeared at the door as if by magic. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Elizabeth, for encouraging of such people, as only make believe to sell things a-purpose to peep about and thieve. Can't you see by the looks of him what he is? Be off now. I've a good mind to loose the dog."

"I am sorry to have come so late," said he, retiring backwards. "It was the fault of my age. I walk so slowly now."

"That will do," said she. "Be off. We don't want any more of your tales."

"But I have bought some silk," urged the girl. "Just let me get the money to pay him."

"I was asking about good Mrs. Tucker, and others here," said he. "Good Mrs. Tucker! I am so grieved. I remember them all twenty-six years ago, and more."

"There's nobody here now that you would have known so long as that," said she. "So there! Mr. Clark, that was butler then, is dead, and Trapps the keeper, and that's all."

"Yes, they and good Mrs. Tucker were here then, I knew them all very well. All dead! That is the sorrow of an old man. He returns, and some old friends are dead. He comes

again, and the rest are gone—all gone. I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I have disturbed you. Allow me, while the young woman is gone, to tempt you with a Paisley shawl. Here it is—a beauty, three yards square. Feel the weight of it. These shawls are not the fashion now for young ladies: but you would be above that, and this is as good as a Cashmere. Poor Mr. Clark, and good Mr. Trapps. Let me see, he had the same Christian name as myself, I think, Joseph——”

“No; that was Clark, the butler—Thomas Joseph Clark,” said she.

“Yes—and the keeper was—was—oh! I shall soon forget my own name——”

“His name was William, like his father,” said the muscular woman, who had always looked with a friendly eye on men that come round to the door.

“William,” he echoed. “Yes, so it was? May not I tempt you, ma'am? Just let me fold the shawl and put it on your shoulders. Feel the warmth of it. It would just have suited good Mrs. Tucker. Oh! I had a sweet child once, a girl who would have been a comfort to me now, and Mrs. Tucker was her god-mother: but she died of consumption, and lies buried in a churchyard many a mile from here.”

“Why, she was god-mother to my eldest daughter too.”

“True—and pretty names they were——”

“What, Mary Elizabeth? Was that what your daughter was called?”

“Yes, ma'am—after Mrs. Tucker.”

“Yes—Mary Elizabeth, that was her name, and my daughter's after her. Here, take your shawl. It's very handsome and that, but, no doubt, too much money for me.”

“Well, ma'am, it *is* worth something, but I am an old man, and the weight of carrying this box begins to tell on me; I have had this shawl a good while, for I wanted to get my price, which was a pound, and little enough that is, but now I'd let it go for half that.”

“Here's the money for my silk,” said the girl, coming out of the house, and putting the thirty shillings in his hand. “Look here!”

The muscular woman looked at it, and nodded in token of satisfaction, while taking a thick leather purse out of her pocket.

“I didn't mean to hurt your feelings,” said she, “not at all——”

“Do not think of it, ma'am,” he answered, shutting his box



and backing away from the door. "You do well to adopt every caution at this hour."

"That's it," she said. "After sunset you have to be careful when you don't know who it is, and the house is shut up. How much for the shawl?"

"Ten shillings to you, ma'am," said he; whereat the money was paid with exceeding readiness, inasmuch as the shawl was worth ten times the amount.

"Good night, ma'am," said he, raising his cat's-skin cap. "I thank you both for your patronage."

"Good night," said she, in a friendly voice. "Good night," said the girl. "I hope you will come again."

"Yes, do," said the muscular woman.

"I will, ma'am," said he, turning half-round. "I wish you good night."

"It's a beautiful bit of silk," said the girl, "and look at the price!"

"It's dirt cheap, too," said the muscular woman. "I reckon he got it from a sea-faring man about Peveridge Bay or somewhere. He's a very civil-spoken man. It's a wonder I haven't seen him before. But then I was away ever so long."

"He remembered them all," said the girl.

"And their names, and had letters from them," said the muscular woman.

The civil-spoken man was then applying very uncivil epithets to her for having offended his dignity by threatening to loose the dog; yet he was in good spirits, and well he might be. Had he not learnt the names of all the old servants, which he was now writing down in the leaf of a pocket-book, and got clear of the premises? If he could only find a nearer hovel—

He was again successful. No sooner had he turned out of the park into the lane that skirted the outer part of the kitchen-garden, than his eyes lighted on a shed. There was indeed the outside wall of the kitchen-garden between; but it measured less than five feet at that part, and no dressing-room could be more convenient, if the door was not locked. He let down the bag and the pedlar's box on the other side, and hoisting himself up effected a landing below.

"Bravo!" thought he, and he tried the door. It was locked—there was no doubt about that. He had no time for cursing; so he made a desperate attempt with the key of his box, and, as both locks were of the commonest sort, it fitted the

door. He had some difficulty in changing his attire, because the shed was filled with fagots; but fear of detection had come upon him, and it speeded his movements. In a few minutes he was himself again, all but the colouring matter, and throwing the undesirable baggage into the footpath, he began to climb the wall, telling himself that, when he should have washed his face in the nearest pond, he would sink the baggage into it without noise. But just as his body was half way over, he felt, without any notice, a very sharp whack, that made the rest of him rise into the air, kicking out resentfully. When he had hoisted himself over, and before he had quite 'scrambled up, a face became visible above the wall, and a stout man climbing it.

"So that's how we've missed the fagots, is it?" said the stout man, brandishing a stout piece of ash while he jerked his feet upwards to the coping. "I'll warm your hide for you."

The accused, however, who smarted physically and mentally under the impression of the first warming, waited not for more. Catching up the bag, and clutching the pedlar's box under his arm, he stretched himself out, legs and body, over the grass, till his back looked in the distance like that of some strange quadruped, akin to a kangaroo. The stout man pursued him stoutly with legs and voice. "Hold hard! or I'll see about you," he shouted.

"I am late for the train," roared the accused, making spasmodic efforts to lengthen the distance between himself and his pursuer.

"And a-going the other way," answered the stout man. You'd better give up, for I know the country."

"But you have no right—you are not a policeman."

"Haven't I—when I caught you breaking into the shed to steal the wood?"

"I did *not* steal. I am *not* a thief. It was a mistake."

"It ain't; and all as is, you'd better stop, or I'll take and shy my stick at your head."

An inarticulate remonstrance was answered by a whizzing sound through the air, and the missile came plump against the shoulders of the pursued, with a loud report, followed by a louder "Oh," a skip, and a sudden turn towards a wood. The stout gamekeeper kept up the running well, in spite of his bulk; but the pace had begun to tell, the ground was beginning to rise, and the shades of evening were inky-black near the trees. Once more his ash-plant whizzed through the darksome air,

nearly hitting an owl, and landing on the back of a ram. On he went, without stopping to pick it up, and on went the pursued, panting and puffing, till, a few yards further, the wood hid him from sight. There he moved about in the dark as delicately as he could, and there, when hope had withering fled, he found an old gravel pit scooped out below in the shape of a small cave. Into this retired spot he crept, and there he remained, shaking in his shoes, during at least half an hour, hearing footsteps around him and repeated threats of warming his hide. Half an hour? That was only the time of his enforced residence. What was he to do when his relentless foe should seem to have gone away, while perhaps hiding among the underwood in order to pounce upon him? What guarantee could he have of a genuine departure? When might he prudently creep out, encumbered as he was with baggage that he could neither take safely nor safely leave? Darkness was protective in the gravel pit, but dangerous where footsteps would crash, leaves rustle, rotten twigs break, and stumps lie about. But, on the other hand, the dawn of day would be fatal to his escape, whether he remained in the hole or not, if the stout man should happen to stay till then. He chose a middle course, if indeed he might be said to choose at all; for, about midnight, feeling so chilled and stiff that he could bear the imprisonment no longer, out he came, and crawled up the crumbling ascent. A sorry spectacle he was, with reddened garments and whitened face: but he had no time to think of that. He looked around him, espied a path, and walked along it very delicately, like a cat among glasses. This path led him out of the wood into a lane, and the lane was margined, a little way on, by a pond, into which he dropped the compromising contents of the bag; but unfortunately the said lane had curious turnings that sidled away deceitfully, while the fields all about had a bad habit of looking like each other, insomuch that his weary legs were taking him further and further from Great Brackley, where he had left the fly. Wearier he became as the small hours approached, wearier still when they had begun. Before the second small hour he had lain himself down in a barn, and there he dozed fitfully till the sun had risen high in the heavens. Then, waking with a start from a dream of angry gamekeepers, unforeseen whacks, and Crayston waiting for his plate while the guests were arriving, he went forth to learn that, somehow or other, he was a mile beyond Lyneham, on the road leading to

Marlton. Much comforted by this discovery, he shuffled on as fast as his legs would move, hoping to reach home while the servants were at breakfast. He failed in that, but succeeded in entering the house unobserved, with the now empty bag and pedlar's box. These he put, as quickly as possible, into a small packing-case, which having tightly nailed, he directed to Mrs. Hopkins, Raven's Combe, to be left at Wereford till called for. He then changed his gravelly garments and was ready to take the plate by the ten o'clock train; but he thought with discomfort about the fly that he had left at Great Brackley. To pay, or not to pay, might be equally awkward, under all circumstances therewith connected.

"It was the darkness," he said.

But he was mistaken. It was the whack. For the whack had made him run, the running made the stout gamekeeper throw his ash-plant at him, the throwing of the ash-plant made him run to the wood, his running to the wood made him mistake the road, and his mistaking the road made him fail to pay for the fly. Therefore, the whack was the cause of his not having paid for the fly. *Causa causæ est causa causati.*

Before ten o'clock he again stood on the platform of Lyneham Station. It was the third time that he had done so within twenty-four hours, eventful hours, possibly fraught with circumstantial evidence. He had been recognized there, visibly against his will, and some Argus-eyed official of the company might be acquainted with the stout gamekeeper. And then there was the fly-man whom he had paid, and the fly-owner whom he had not paid. Suppose that either of them should have seen him round some corner, and followed him in? He pulled a travelling-cap over his eyes, had the luggage ticketed, including Mrs. Hopkins's, thrust himself into a compartment, looked out of the further window at a coal-train, and was beginning to feel comfortable, when a hand was firmly laid on his shoulder. Up he bounded like a football. Up went arms and legs towards the open window.

"Never mind!" said a voice behind him playfully.

"Mrs. Hop——" (here he descended with a bump). "That is, Giannina, what has made you——?"

"Ah!" said she. "I knew that you should not go at seven."

"*Ma come?*" thought he, shuddering at her prescience—he never thought of the muscular contraction.

"Have you not something to tell?" she said. "Have you not been somewhere?"

"*Sì*," he answered in a low voice. "*Parla Italiano, per carità.*"

"Bosh! my dear," said she. "Say to me what you have heard of those dear old servants."

"They are all dead," he answered in a whisper.

"Ah, how sad. Very good old servants. That's right. Now say to me the names."

"Mary Elizabeth Tucker. She was the housekeeper. Thomas Joseph Clark, the butler, and William Trapps, the gamekeeper. I have written them in my pocket-book."

"Where?" said she. "Give to me the writing." He tore the leaf out of his book, and gave it to her.

"Oh! the dear respectable old servants! Was they there perhaps in 1850, and also before?"

"Yes. Do not doubt it."

Her face brightened so ominously, that he was half-afraid of being required to get out and give notice of marriage to the registrar; but she went away without saying a word more.

"*Vedremo*," thought he, as the train glided on towards London; and that was just what she was thinking. But their conclusions differed; and the reason was, that she had noticed the effects of her will on his muscular contractions and trusted to phenomenal uniformity, whilst he, like his master, Crayston, claimed in his own favour certain exceptions to the doctrine of necessarianism.

## Reviews.

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### I.—FATHER KNABENBAUER'S COMMENTARY ON JOB.<sup>1</sup>

THE *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* which has been undertaken by some of the German theologians of the Society of Jesus, will be one of the most important works which have been produced in the present century for the benefit of the Church. The German Fathers owe their leisure, in great part, to their proscription in their native country, which is one of the many sacrifices to brutal prejudice by which the present Government of the Empire has brought upon itself an eternal disgrace. But it is the way of Providence to bring good out of evil, and certainly the Fathers of the Society, who are labouring at such a work as this before us, cannot be said to be engaged on what is outside their vocation. The commentary which has been so happily begun is worthy of the high reputation of its authors, and will be of immense service to the Church. It gives all due credit and consideration to modern criticism, it does not despise it or rail against it, while at the same time it will in no way make a compromise with any of its extravagances. It is a service to the Catholic student that it is written in good and flowing Latin, though at the same time we must express a very strong wish that the labours of Father Knabenbauer and his companions may as soon as possible be made available to English readers. This is just the sort of work which ought to be highly appreciated among us. In this country there is a great deal of sound Biblical scholarship, which will readily recognize the value of such labours as those which have produced the volume before us.

The literature which has gathered itself around the Book of Job is very vast; but some of the best commentaries, such as that of Pineda, are huge masses of erudition which daunt the reader, while of modern critics, as far as we are able to give an opinion, it can hardly be said that they have not left room for a

<sup>1</sup> *Commentarius in Librum Job.* Auctore J. Knabenbauer, S.J. Parisiis: Lethielleux, 1885.

more sound and reasonable exegesis than any they have given. If it is the mistake of so many of the Catholic commentators that they have brought all their learning to bear on a single book of Sacred Scriptures, and made their work a huge treasure-house from which preachers may derive sermon after sermon, the modern critics, with some noble exceptions, have been too free in their corrections and exclusions. We are very glad to see, what was indeed to be expected, that Father Knabenbauer defends stoutly the integrity of this beautiful poem or drama, as it might be called, if it were not a true history. The idea of truncating the book, of cutting out the introductory chapters in which the reader is informed of the Satanic attacks on Job, permitted by God for the sake of proving His saint, and then of omitting the chapters which contain the discourses of Eliu, after Job's three friends have had their say, may vie for the palm of absurdity with any other projected mutilation that can be conceived. The introduction gives the reader at once the key to the whole history, which is so much of a puzzle to Job's friends, and which he himself does not fully understand. The remarks of Eliu are equally necessary for the intelligence of the book.

The subject of the Book of Job will never grow old, and its lesson is as much wanted now as in the days in which the book was written. Its main purpose is the explanation of the ways of Providence in the dispensation of temporal calamities. But the book bears incidental witness to the truths and promises which were the common property of the descendants of Adam and Noe, and which were preserved, more or less faithfully and fully, even outside the limits of the chosen people of God.

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## 2.—LIFE OF MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.<sup>1</sup>

A life like that of Monseigneur Dupanloup is not an easy one to write, especially at so short an interval after his death, when so many of those whose names must appear in its pages are still living and engaged in active work. From the very outset of his career to its close Dupanloup was a pamphleteer, a controversialist, and a politician, but a politician in no narrow

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans.* By the Abbé F. Lagrange. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 1885.



party sense of the word, for from first to last he fought only for what he believed to be the best interests of God's Kingdom on earth. Frank and outspoken as he always was, ready to say plainly what he thought with voice and pen, no wonder he made not a few enemies, and became involved in more than one controversy, even with men who had the same interests as himself at heart. His best friends would admit that in these controversies he was at times mistaken in the line of action he adopted, and at the same time it must be allowed that those who opposed him were themselves in some instances not entirely in the right. Such differences of opinion are almost inevitable where active men of various temperament are thrown together to fight their way through a difficult and trying time. But when the struggle is over it is best in recalling its incidents to dwell more on those in which the champions of the right stood shoulder to shoulder against the enemy in the field, than on those which saw them engaged in angry dispute as to the plans for the battle and the positions to be defended. There is no need to be silent about such disputes, but still less is there any need to dwell upon them. The Abbé Lagrange, the Vicar-General of Orleans, has wisely adopted this principle in dealing with the *Life of Dupanloup*. Instead of making it the occasion of reawakening the echoes of now silent controversies, he has shown us Dupanloup as a priest, a bishop, a brave and successful defender of the Church in France. He tells us of his early life and education, almost entirely in Dupanloup's own words, and then he relates his labours for souls; his government of a great diocese where so much had to be built up from the foundations after the ruins left by revolution and years of godless education; of the struggle for the freedom of religious teaching in the schools; the defence of the religious orders and of the rights of the Holy See; and the brave and successful attacks made upon Freemasonry and Voltairianism. The part he took in the council is briefly told, and then come the stirring pages that tell how well and bravely the Bishop of Orleans bore himself when the terrible storm of the German invasion burst over Orleans. The last chapters relate his activity as a member of the Assembly under the Republic, his last years of labour in his diocese, his work as a director of souls, the character of his every day life and occupations as a Bishop, and the story of his holy death. It is touching to read how to the last he kept up the love of children and of a catechist's work which had run through all his ministry, and how

to use our author's words, during the last months of his life—"One would say that he was already living in the region of infinite charity. . . . This disposition showed itself not only in his special intercourse with us, which was always marked by the same tender indulgence, but in his way of dealing with the affairs of the Church, where he now only intervened to conciliate men's minds. His most earnest desire now was a cessation of irritating controversies between Catholics and their union around the great Pontiff whom God had given to His Church. The human vivacity which formerly mingled with his zeal for justice and truth was now absorbed in an ever-increasing sweetness. One might have said that the intrepid angel of battle had become an angel of sweetness and peace."

The Abbé Lagrange's work is worthy of its subject, a book which will have very few dull pages for any one who is interested in the Church's conflict with the aggressive unbelief of our day, and which will have a permanent value in the history of Catholicity in France. Lady Herbert's translation gives it to us in an English version, as bright and readable as the original. The translator has very judiciously omitted the details of a newspaper controversy which could not be of much interest or value to English readers. With this exception, her version is a faithful reproduction of the Abbé Lagrange's book.

We shall not attempt to make any summary of the work. Its interest depends so much upon the details it contains, and the documents by which it is illustrated, that no summary could give a true idea of the interest of its pages. Some portions of it have an almost dramatic force, as, for instance, the chapter that tells how Dupanloup's brave Savoyard mother left her native country to bring her boy with her to Paris, where she hoped to find a better opening for talents that promised him no common career, and how the poor woman and her boy made their way from St. Felix, near Annecy, to the capital, in a little cart, making only a few miles of progress each day. A still more stirring story, ranging over a wider field, is contained in the chapters that relate the conversion of Talleyrand. The part borne by Dupanloup in those memorable scenes gave him at once a European celebrity. It is remarkable how, in those early years of his priesthood, when so many even of his nearest and dearest friends were swept away by the influence of La Mennais, Dupanloup never for a moment ceased to regard him as a teacher of error, a possible founder of schism, and he most

heartily rejoiced at his public condemnation, as putting an end to a period of great peril for the Church in France.

In 1844 he began what we may well call the greatest work of his life—the struggle for the freedom of Christian education in France. At the present time, when we are engaged in a hard fight against secularism in England, the chapters that tell how Dupanloup did his work are profitable reading, even though the battle in France was mainly for higher education, while in England the interest for the moment centres round the primary schools. In 1844 he began the campaign by the publication of his pamphlet, *On the Duty of Catholics upon the Question of the Liberty of Teaching*. It was a defence not only of the freedom of education, but also of the teaching orders, and especially of the Jesuits. De Ravignan was his friend and ally throughout the controversy that followed, while Montalembert became the parliamentary leader in the struggle. Pamphlet followed pamphlet from the pen of Dupanloup. In one of them, his second letter to the Duc de Broglie, he thus summed up his position :

Real authority and legitimate liberty are allies which never should wage war against each other. Thus liberty of teaching truth and virtue to one's neighbours ; liberty to tend towards Christian perfection and to combine heart and soul to carry it out ; liberty to practise poverty, chastity, and obedience ; liberty to meet together to succour the poor and miserable ; liberty for charity ; liberty for the altar and the Holy Sacrifice ; liberty for evangelical preaching ; liberty for Christian education ; . . . all these are liberties which cannot be constrained or repressed, but by the oppression and violation of human conscience, tyrannized over in all that is highest, noblest, most independent, most free, and most pure.

In a lighter vein he drew out all the absurdity of the position held by the opponents of the Catholic schools, when he wrote in another pamphlet :

What a curious thing it is ! For ordinary persons there is no anxiety about their belief, their mode of worship, their sect, or their position. Thus, I am a Jew, or a Protestant, or a Freemason.

"May I take advantage of the liberty of conscience proclaimed in France ?"

"Yes, certainly, if you are a Frenchman, for all the French are equal before the law. Believe whatever you like."

"But," I continue, "not to hide anything from you, I belong to a particular sect in my religion. I am a Jew, and also a Cabbalist or a

Talmudist; or I am a Protestant, and I am a Quaker, or a Methodist, or an Anabaptist, &c. &c. May I still live and teach in France?"

"Of course. The law makes no opposition."

"But I have opinions of my own on the existence and nature of God, on creation and human liberty; and, after having thoroughly studied the question, I doubt the immortality of the soul."

"My dear sir, I am sorry for you. But no religious profession of faith is required by law of any teacher, so that you are no more excluded from the post of schoolmaster by your unbelief than you are deprived of civil or political rights."

"But I am a Catholic."

"Ah! there comes in a grave difficulty."

And on its being discovered that the Catholic is also a religious, he is told that he cannot even live in France. It is true the constitution declares all men equal before the law, all consciences free, but then "we have made one exception—one only, though many others were possible, and that is against you."

Arguments like these every one could understand. As a popular pamphleteer Dupanloup had few equals, and some of the best work he did in his life was done by pamphlets, witness his demolition of the Voltaire Centenary. The fight for the rights of the Catholics in education, begun in 1844, he carried on for more than thirty years, and not without considerable success. The whole history of this long campaign, as related by the Abbé Lagrange, is well worth attentive study, and not the least useful parts of it are the abundant extracts he gives from Dupanloup's pamphlets, letters, and speeches. From first to last education was one of his favourite subjects. In various ways, and notably as Superior of a Seminary, he had not a little practical experience of educational work, and he was never tired of urging its importance upon others. All through his life his most earnest thoughts were directed to the interests of the little ones of Jesus Christ, and he fought the long battle on the education question, not as a politician, but as a pastor of souls. His example must be an inspiring one to all who are engaged in the same struggle, and his writings afford a rich store of facts and arguments, which have their application in England, Ireland, and America, as well as in France.

3.—THE LIFE OF JEAN-JACQUES OLIER.<sup>1</sup>

The name of M. Olier, as the Founder of the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, and the regenerator of the priesthood in France, is familiar to us all, and his memoirs have long been before the French public. But no English translation of that complete and extensive work has appeared, and we are indebted to Mr. Healy Thompson, who is well-known in connection with religious biography, for having provided us with a most attractive and interesting life of this remarkable and saintly man. The present revised and enlarged edition of the original work is grounded almost entirely on the admirable memoir by the Abbé Faillon; and not only does it pourtray both the inner life of M. Olier, with the exalted virtues which distinguished him, and the external life of untiring and devoted labour in which he was engaged, but it also gives many interesting historical details, serving to illustrate the state of religion and society at that time in France.

The special mission intrusted to this eminent servant of God was that of reforming, elevating, and sanctifying the secular clergy of France, a work of the greatest service to the Church. He was early impressed with the exalted dignity of the clerical state. We are told that, before he was seven years old, "being in a church for the purpose of hearing Mass, at the moment the priest passed on his way to the altar, the thought flashed upon him, 'How pure and holy must they be who are set apart to offer the Adorable Sacrifice.'" Thenceforward he no longer looked upon priests as ordinary men; to his childish mind they appeared to be angelic beings as they ascended the steps of the altar. In after years, the sublime character of the priesthood was the constant subject of his instructions to those who aspired to discharge the functions of that sacred office; and the dominant thought of his mind was that the life of a priest should be one wholly hidden in God, a life modelled in conformity with that of Jesus Christ abiding in the Blessed Sacrament.

Priests [he wrote] are like living tabernacles, wherein Jesus dwells to sanctify His Church. For to be truly priests, they ought to bear Jesus Christ within them, labouring with all their might to conform themselves to Him in this mystery, both as to their exterior and

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Jean-Jacques Olier.* By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. New and enlarged edition. London: Burns and Oates, 1885.

interior. Exteriorly they ought to be utterly dead to themselves, like the sacramental species, letting themselves be maltreated, and, if needs be, trodden under foot and pierced with knives, as Jesus Christ has been a thousand times in this Sacrament by heretics. Therein our Lord has no use of His senses, of His hands, His ears, His eyes, and thus ought priests to abandon themselves entirely to God, that He may make what use He pleases of their senses and of their whole selves. Interiorly our Lord is in this Sacrament all transformed in God, all changed in God; He is no longer subject to the assaults of infirmity or corruption; He is clothed with incorruption, immortality, agility, subtilty. And herein priests ought to be like unto Him, called as they are to participate in this august mystery; their interior ought to be all Divine, all transformed in the Divine perfections, however ordinary they may be in their outward appearance, and dead to all things. . . . Thus do priests sanctify the Church, not by their exterior, but by the inmost being of their souls transformed in Jesus Christ who vivifies it (p. 279).

To all who study the biography before us it will be apparent that M. Olier, in his own person, afforded a type of the perfection of the sacerdotal life. His early youth, however, gave little promise of what he was to be in his maturer years. Although destined by his parents from his birth for the ecclesiastical state, the wild and unruly disposition he exhibited caused serious misgivings as to his vocation, and as a young man he was worldly, ambitious, vain. But it pleased God to enlighten and convert him at the Sanctuary of Loreto, whither he had repaired to obtain the cure of an affection of the eyes. To the great displeasure of his friends, he broke completely with the world, and placed himself under the direction of St. Vincent of Paul. After his ordination he began to follow the way of perfection with courage and ardour, and devoted himself to the evangelization of the parishes on his own abbey lands with self-sacrificing zeal. The one thing, we are told, this lowly priest desired was that in all his charitable labours he might pass for a person of no account, and that the credit of what he did might be given to another. This request was granted by God, and we here see the reason why, notwithstanding the magnificent services he rendered to the Church, this great servant of God remained, both during his lifetime and long after his death, in comparative oblivion, and illustrious as were his virtues and merits, for a considerable period they were inadequately recognized.

It was given to Father de Condren, whose disciple M. Olier

had been as a seminarist, to perceive that he was destined to accomplish the great work of ecclesiastical reform. But previously he had to pass through a season of extraordinary trial, in order that he might rise to a higher degree of sanctity. He was deprived not only of those spiritual gifts for which he had been conspicuous, but he even lost at times the use of his natural faculties and bodily powers. His soul was filled with disquietude and darkness; prayer afforded him not a gleam of light or comfort; his friends treated him with coldness and reserve. God hid His face from him, and it was not till after the lapse of two years that M. Olier was delivered from these afflicting trials, and experienced consoling proofs of God's love. He then entered upon the work of erecting a seminary for the training and education of priests. This undertaking met with no small opposition, the ecclesiastical authorities discouraging it on the ground that hitherto every effort to supply that crying need had proved a failure, and even the beginning made by St. Vincent of Paul had had no permanent results; but the remarkable success which attended the institution of which M. Olier was Founder and first Superior, caused every one to acknowledge that he was the right man for the work, the chosen instrument destined to raise the sacerdotal order to a higher degree of learning and holiness. The principle whereon the Seminary of St. Sulpice was grounded was that of entire self-renunciation; the fundamental idea of its holy Founder was that of intimate union with Jesus Christ; and incalculable is the good of which it has been the source, by giving to the Church a staff of clergy duly instructed in and sanctified for the duties of their holy office, and animated by a spirit of fervent devotion and generous self-sacrifice.

About the same time the charge of the parish of St. Sulpice was given to M. Olier. This was a vast suburb of Paris, the most vicious and wicked of the whole city, notorious for the lawlessness and impiety which reigned there. In it public homage was paid to Satan, and altars were dedicated to the evil spirit. The apostolic labours of the new Curé and his colleagues effected, after seven years of incessant toil, a complete reform amongst the hardened and depraved inhabitants. The result of their ardent and untiring zeal, animated by a genuine spirit of self-sacrifice, was a wonderful revival of piety and fervour throughout this parish, formerly so forsaken of God; a result purchased, however, at the cost of great suffering



on the part of M. Olier. At one time he was involved in so violent a storm of persecution, that he was even driven temporarily in ignominy from his presbytery. But greater than all outward trials, was the abiding interior anguish which filled his heart on account of the sins of his people, and often would he spend the whole night in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, imploring the Divine mercy on their behalf. It is said of him that

Never was pastor more devoted to the interests of his flock. . . . With all his multifarious avocations, he was always accessible to those who sought his counsel or assistance; and such was his sweetness and kindness of disposition that he could not bear to deny himself even to those who seemed to wish to converse with him solely for their own gratification. He received all comers with a certain respect, blended with humility, never betrayed any movement of impatience at being detained from his other occupations, and was never the first to terminate the interview. Sometimes when, towards the end of the day, his colleagues observed that he was exhausted with fatigue, they would suggest that he should admit no more visitors until the morrow, but he would answer: "Our time is not our own; it belongs to Jesus Christ. We ought to employ every moment of it as He directs, and since He permits these persons to come to us now, so far from not admitting them, we ought, in a spirit of submission to His Adorable Providence, to receive them with joy and affection." A charity so self-sacrificing was accompanied with a sensible blessing; for many who were leading a sinful, worldly life, and who visited him simply from motives of courtesy, were converted and gained to God, although the conversation had apparently been confined to ordinary subjects (p. 326).

It is not wonderful that M. Olier's health broke down under his strenuous exertions. When urged to allow himself some relaxation, he would reply, "This is neither the time or place for taking one's ease, our Lord would not have us find our consolation on earth. Jesus Christ is our strength, and the pure love of Him ought to make us embrace all toils with joy." But at length his debility was such as to render complete rest indispensable, and ten years after he had assumed the charge of his parish, he was forced to relinquish it. A year later a stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of the whole of his left side. During the illness which ensued, and preceded his death, the spirit of self-annihilation increased within him, and he rejoiced at the sufferings which gave him conformity with Jesus Christ. He recovered sufficiently to be able at times to offer the Holy Sacrifice, but when, in the winter months, he was confined to his

room and unable to reach the chapel for Mass or for Communion, he showed no more signs of weariness or regret at his forced inaction than if his imprisonment and solitude had lasted but a day. For three years he survived the first seizure, and died on Easter Monday, 1657, at the age of forty-eight years.

We would refer to Mr. Healy Thompson's admirable memoir those who wish to read of the conflict M. Olier sustained with Jansenism, the prudence and wisdom that characterized his conduct during the civil commotions of the times in which his lot was cast, the marvellous influence he obtained over all classes of society, the numerous seminaries he founded in all parts of France, the virtues he practised himself and inculcated on the young men he formed for the ecclesiastical state, the care with which he examined vocations, and the excellent rules he laid down for their guidance. From amongst the various edifying and amusing anecdotes scattered throughout the pages of this highly instructive and valuable book, we venture to select two for insertion here.

So perfect was his mortification of his senses that they seemed to have abdicated their office. A servant of the house being one day found fault with by one of the community for taking the Superior a basin of soup that was quite cold, the man replied, "What does it signify whether it is cold or hot? He does not taste what he eats and takes no notice of what is set before him." Another time when he was being vested for High Mass, the subdeacon, in putting on the maniple, ran the pin, without knowing it, into his arm. Finding there was some resistance, he said to M. Olier that he could not get it in any further; on which the man of God, without removing his arm, replied, in his usual gentle way, "It will go no further because it has pierced to the bone" (p. 447).

One day M. Olier was exhorting his followers with his usual energy, and often repeated the same expression: "*Il faut faire mourir le vieil homme.*" (We must put the old man to death.) The gardener's wife happened to be listening at the door, and thinking that "the old man" meant her husband, hastened in a state of great consternation to apprise her spouse of the fate that awaited him. Terrified at his wife's report, the old man resolved to quit the house that very day, and going to M. Olier, he said with a voice almost choked with fear, "Oh! sir, pray give me leave to go; my wife has told me everything; I wish to live a little longer; I know all your design." "What design?" asked M. Olier. "Oh you know better than I can tell you." "But my good friend, what do you mean?" "Why, did you not say that the old man must be put to death? I am old, it is true, but old age is no crime, and I am still able to support myself." Despite the evident terror and

agitation of the poor gardener it was impossible for M. Olier and his companions to refrain from laughing; but it was no easy matter to persuade him that the "old man" whose death M. Olier had so vehemently demanded was nothing else but the corrupt nature which every one ought to mortify in himself (p. 150, note).

The biography of M. Olier cannot be too highly recommended to both clergy and laity. To the clergy, as setting before them a model of the perfection of the sacerdotal life, and to the laity, not only as affording them an example of exalted virtue, but as serving to remind them of the unbounded respect and veneration they ought to feel towards those whose high prerogative it is to stand at the altar of God, and offer on their behalf the Adorable Sacrifice.

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#### 4.—HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.<sup>1</sup>

We welcome with pleasure the translation of Dr. Brueck's second volume of the *History of the Catholic Church*. We think it admirably suited for the purpose of a text-book in our Seminaries and Colleges. Our ecclesiastical students cannot be expected to wade through the pages of Rohrbacher or Darras in their course of studies; for their time is short, and they have much else to do in other and more important branches of sacred learning. Yet they ought to go forth, more especially in this country, well prepared to answer the ordinary difficulties which are likely to be urged against them not only in scholastic theology, but also in ecclesiastical history. They ought to be ready to meet and refute to the satisfaction of their hearers, as well Protestant as Catholic, the false facts and arguments of such pamphlets as Littledale's *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome*, and the *Claims of the Church of Rome*.

This work is admirably qualified for giving them in a short and succinct form the answer to most difficulties, and the true state of the question. Dr. Corcoran says in his admirable introduction: "It possesses the merit of clearness and order, two things most necessary in a text-book. In the next place it is well adapted for both teacher and student. In too many

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Catholic Church*. For the use of Seminaries and Colleges. By Dr. Heinrich Brueck, Professor of Theology in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Mentz. Translated by Rev. E. Prunte. Vol II. New York: Benziger Brother, 1885.

manuals and class-books the student is treated to a superabundance of proofs, and introduced to the knowledge of intricate objections, as if he were competent to judge for himself and needed no teacher. This is not as it should be. The student's judgment is yet unripe, hence something must be left for the teacher to do, and his authority must have its weight in influencing and guiding those whom he teaches." The history of the so-called Reformation in the sixteenth century is related as it occurred in the different countries of Europe. Luther, Melancthon, Zuinglius, Calvin, and the rest pass in turn before us, and leave no pleasant impression behind. The personalities of the Reformers are brought out vividly and strikingly. What sympathy can we have for a man like Luther, who at the Leipsic disputation called the Epistle of St. James an epistle of straw? Or again when Musa, parish priest at Rochlitz once vehemently complained to Dr. Martin Luther that he could not himself believe what he taught to others. "Praise and thanks be to God," responded Dr. Martin "that other people feel as I do! I thought I had such experience all to myself." Yet this was the man who set himself up as a prophet sent from God to reform that Church against which the gates of Hell were never to prevail. This is the religion of Jesus Christ, if we are to credit Luther: "Thus you see the riches of the Christian man, even though he were to wish it, he cannot be lost through any sins however great, provided he will but believe. No sin but unbelief can damn him."

This is more forcibly expressed in his letter to Melancthon, August 1, 1520: "*Esto peccator et pecca fortiter, sed fortius fide et gaude in Christo.*"

The section entitled "General Remarks on the Propagation, Nature, and Effects of the Reformation" is well worth reading. The history is brought down to our own day, and we are glad to see a very full account of the missionary work of the Church during the last three centuries. There is also an interesting account of the progress of the Church in the United States.

There is an assertion on p. 109 that John Wyclif began to translate the Bible into English. Perhaps it would be as well to hear what Father Stevenson has to say on the subject: "If any portion of the undertaking belongs to him, it is the version of the New Testament, and even on this point his Oxford editors, Forshall and Madden, speak with considerable reserve. This translation, write they, and their remark applies only to the New

Testament, might *probably* be the work of Wyclif himself. Possibly then he took no active part in the translation of the entire New Testament; certainly he had nothing to do with the version of the Old Testament. And again: Long before Wyclif's translation, writes Archbishop Ussher, there existed an English version of the entire Bible, an assertion in which he is supported by Dr. James, keeper of the Bodleian and Cottonian Libraries, and a devoted admirer of John Wyclif."<sup>2</sup>

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#### 5.—THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>

The Committee charged with the work of carrying into effect the resolution of the late Council of Baltimore to found a Catholic University for the United States, has issued through the Catholic Publication Society of New York an *Appeal to the Catholics of the United States*, for further help to supplement Miss Caldwell's generous gift. The land for the University buildings at Washington has already been purchased, and the Committee now detail the further steps that are to be taken, especially with regard to the constitution of the philosophical and theological faculty with which it has been decided to commence the work. The pamphlet is not for sale, but is to be had on application to any American Catholic bookseller. It is very interesting as the first outline of the plan of a great work.

As to the amount of endowment required in order to make a beginning of the actual work of teaching, the Committee, or, to use its official title, the University Board, says:

As a university is a vast and complex organism, the object of which is to teach universal knowledge, and which, therefore, must possess faculties that represent and impart whatever is known to man, it is evident that such an institution cannot be suddenly called into existence in its completeness. Hence it is deemed advisable to begin with the faculties of philosophy and theology, to which in due course of time all the other faculties needed to constitute a true university will be aggregated. These two faculties will require not fewer than eight professorships; and as the success of the University will depend in great

<sup>2</sup> *The Truth about John Wyclif.* By Father Stevenson, pp. 105, 106.

<sup>1</sup> *An Appeal to the Catholics of the United States in Behalf of the University which the late Council of Baltimore resolved to create.* New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1885.

measure upon the ability of its teachers, it is all-important that the chairs should from the very start be so endowed as to secure salaries which will enable the most competent and distinguished men to accept these positions. Some of the chairs of the faculties of philosophy and theology will, of course, be filled by priests, and for such chairs it is thought that an endowment of \$50,000 each will be sufficient. Others will be filled by laymen, and the endowment of these is fixed at \$100,000 each. The University Board deems it advisable that, in addition to these endowments of chairs, a number of bourses, \$5,000 each, should be founded, so that students of talent may not, through lack of means, be prevented from receiving the best mental training.

The object of the Appeal is to obtain from the Catholics of America funds for endowing these professorships and bourses, and no one can doubt that it will meet with a ready and generous response, and that even more than is asked for will be freely given. It is the first time the Catholics of the United States have been called upon to unite their energies for the foundation of a work belonging not to one particular diocese or ecclesiastical province, but to the whole country. And there can be no nobler work than this, the building up of an institution which its founders hope will be a great intellectual centre of Catholic intelligence and influence.

But it has been objected that the foundation of a Catholic University in the United States at the present time must be an enterprise doomed to failure, that it is premature, that the Catholic youth of America is not yet in a position to supply it with a body of students, that it would be better to work at improving and perfecting existing colleges and high schools, and leave it to the future to gradually develop from them a national University, for Universities are not called into existence in a day, they are built up slowly like the old cathedrals by the efforts of many centuries. The University Board in issuing its Appeal meets these objections in some detail. If, it urges, the standard of education and culture is not, as a rule, a high one among American Catholics, if multitudes of them still bear the marks of past oppression, all the more reason to endeavour to place within the reach of their sons the means of rising to something higher. If there is a tendency among Americans to turn chiefly to the means of material progress, all the more need to create for American Catholics, a centre of intellectual life and to secure professors whose very names and influence may prove an attraction to nobler aims and more worthy interests. If this is not



done, it is simply to confess that the Catholics of America are content to live outside of the intellectual movement of the day, a movement which has drawn Europe and America close together. Now-a-days it is difficult for a man to speak or write with authority on many questions of the deepest moment, unless he knows something of the language and literature of Germany, France, and England. In all these three literatures which act and re-act upon each other the battle is going on between faith and unbelief, hope and despair. Only men of trained minds can take part in the struggle with safety to themselves and those they lead, and yet it is impossible to remain neutral.

In the presence of this conflict the Church cannot be an on-looker, nor can she allow the best philosophic and literary cultivation of mind to belong exclusively to those who deny the supernatural, or who, while they accept revelation, hold but a fragmentary, and therefore indefensible, Christianity. The mistress and guardian of revealed truth in its completeness, it is not the least part of her mission to show in every age and country that there is no irreconcilable antagonism between her teachings and the fuller knowledge of nature towards which, not without her help, the Christian nations are ever advancing. The need of minds able to do this work is most urgent in a day and a country like ours, where the progress of thought and the widening of the boundaries of knowledge proceed in placid unconsciousness of the Church and her claims to the possession of supernatural truth. Again, here more than elsewhere have those who hold positions of responsibility in the Church opportunities to influence the opinions and sentiments of non-Catholics. Throughout our vast country the public is eager to listen to men who bring cultivation of mind and freshness of thought to the treatment of whatever subject they may choose to discuss. A bishop or priest who lectures in some remote village speaks to an audience largely composed of persons who neither understand nor accept the doctrines of the Church, and the pulpits of our churches in the great cities and the larger towns would exert a salutary influence upon thousands who are not Catholics, could we place in them men who would bring to the divine work not merely the vigour and earnestness of faith, but also the polish, the grace, the persuasiveness, and the charm which come of the best mental training.

That the Catholics of America do not feel the need of the highest intellectual culture, that they are content with moderate success in this field, may well be denied in the face of the hearty enthusiasm with which the proposal to found a University has been received by the Catholic press. But what of the objection that to found a University is impossible? The reply



is, that what has been done in other countries can surely be done in America. A land that has seen the foundation of a thousand cities in the last fifty years, may well hope to found one Catholic University. And it can point to what has been done at Louvain by the Catholics of Belgium, fewer in number and poorer in resources than those of the United States, as an earnest of what can be done at Washington. Not the least hopeful sign for the new institution is the fact that its founders are quite ready to learn from the experience of other lands, that they do not disguise from themselves the difficulties of the task they have undertaken, that they do not anticipate the creation of a great and successful University at a single bound, but are quite ready to work patiently through many years of trial and persevering effort, in the sure confidence that once a beginning is made the great work will go on growing in stability, influence, and success until it is worthy of the land to which it will belong. The writer of the *Appeal* very happily points as an earnest of the future to the very genius and traditions of the races to which the Catholics of the United States mostly belong, in words with which we must bring our review to a close.

The genius of the two peoples from which the bulk of our Catholic population has been drawn—the Irish and the German—is of itself sufficient to reassure whoever might have misgivings as to the success of the great work in behalf of which this appeal is made. During the three hundred years which followed the conversion of Ireland to Christianity that island was not only the great centre of missionary activity, but it was also the chief seat of learning in Europe, and consequently in the world; and if invasions, conquests, and penal laws brought in a secular reign of darkness from which only in our own time a new dawn seems ready to break forth into day, those wrongs and oppressions have neither crushed the buoyant hopefulness of Irish hearts nor extinguished their desire of knowledge, and the descendants of those who built and maintained the great monastic schools of the sixth and seventh centuries, where Irish monks copied and explained the classical writings of Greece and Rome to thousands of youths gathered from every part of Europe, will, after the lapse of so many ages, here, in a new world where God has given them a home and freedom, eagerly take up again the long-interrupted work. And when to their quick and large-hearted zeal, to their enthusiastic spirit of self-sacrifice in behalf of whatever cause appeals to a generous nature, there comes as an ally the German's patient toil, his perseverance, his deep thoughtfulness, together with the learning and wisdom which he may bring from the universities of the fatherland, we can, without risk, affirm

that our American Catholic University will lack neither rich endowments, nor able professors, nor students eager to obtain the best intellectual discipline.

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6.—THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.<sup>1</sup>

We are glad to see this reprint of a valuable little treatise which first saw light in the *Dublin Review*, the birthplace of so many good things. The work is divided into three chapters. In the first the history of the title of Defender of the Faith is considered, in the second Henry's claim to the authorship of the book against Luther, is vindicated, the last chapter "confronts" in some detail "Henry's words with Henry's deeds." For years Henry had tried to get some title analogous to that of "Most Christian," bestowed upon him by the Roman See, and his efforts were about to be rewarded, in 1511, by Julian the Second, when the Pope died. His successor, Leo the Tenth, refused to grant the English King any title till he had done something to deserve it. Henry's book in defence of the Seven Sacraments earned him the coveted distinction of being called Defender of the Faith, but it is of interest to remember that Leo never intended the title to be hereditary. This title was not granted without some discussion as to what appellation would be most becoming. The task of selection was entrusted to the Cardinals. One proposed Most Pious, another Apostolic, a third the Faithful King. Others would have called him Orthodox, or Ecclesiastic, or Apostolic. The most curious suggestion was that of Angelic, a title hardly suggestive of Henry's later career. Father Bridgett shows that there can be no real reason for refusing to acknowledge that Henry was the author of the famous book. Likely enough Fisher, or More, or Wolsey, perhaps all of them, helped him in its composition. Apparently Erasmus had not this much to do with it, though to him its authorship has more than once been attributed. In the last chapter Father Bridgett has no difficulty in showing that Henry's deeds did not tally very well with his words. If he sinned, he sinned knowingly. Few men have, in the words of Professor Brewer, so deliberately "put on the blinkers." One cannot help wondering with our author what Henry's feelings were when, after the breach with Rome, he re-read his book.

<sup>1</sup> *The Defender of the Faith: the Royal Title, its History and Value.* By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Burns and Oates.

7.—LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.<sup>1</sup>

The present volume aims at supplying an admitted want in our historical literature. The authoress reminds us that we have no recent work of moderate bulk which furnishes ordinary readers with a connected history of the life and death of Mary Stuart; and she undertakes to remedy that want by the publication of the volume now under consideration.

We thoroughly agree with Miss Stewart as to the urgency of the defect, and as to the wisdom of attempting to provide an adequate remedy. Since the publication of the *Life of Mary* written by Miss Strickland, the history of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland has been the subject of much and careful inquiry. Material hitherto unknown has been brought to light, by the aid of which many difficulties of various kinds have been solved. To keep pace with this large amount of new information, to mould the whole into one consecutive narrative and to compress it within a reasonable bulk, so as to meet the wants of the ordinary reader, is no easy task: and it will readily be admitted that the writer who shall fulfil these conditions will confer no trifling obligation upon all students of history.

In one respect especially Miss Stewart's volume is worthy of our warmest commendation. Here, almost for the first time, we find Mary's character placed in its true light, and many points which had been misunderstood by previous authors, now appear as contemporary history actually represents them. We can now recognize her dignity, the mingled courage and humility with which she met and overcame her trials, her constancy, her tenderness to the feelings of others, and above all, her enduring submission to the will of God. Miss Stewart does ample justice to these qualities, and shows that each and all are to be referred to Mary's firm adherence to the faith of the Holy Catholic Church.

Having said so much in its commendation we regret to be compelled to state that this work is open to many grave objections. It does not attain the end for which it professes to have especially been written. It is carelessly thrown together; undue prominence is given to incidents of secondary moment, while events of real importance are treated with undue brevity. But its radical defect lies in the grave objection that its

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Mary Queen of Scots.* By Agnes M. Stewart. Burns and Oates, 1885.

authoress has neglected to consult various modern works of acknowledged authority; and as a consequence fails to make her readers acquainted with the latest information. She does not refer, for instance, to the curious letter written by the Jesuit, Father Gaudanus, in which he details, at great length, his mission into Scotland and his interview with the Queen in 1562. Very many of the picturesque incidents which we owe to the lately discovered narrative of Mary's secretary, Claude Nau, find no place in the present volume. And more remarkable still, Miss Stewart seems to be unacquainted with the touching and minute account of the latter days and the execution of the Scottish Queen, of which the manuscript was discovered and published by M. Chantelauze in 1876. Such grave defects as these seriously detract from the value of Miss Stewart's volume, and prevent us from recommending it to our readers as a complete and trustworthy biography of the heroic victim of Fotheringhay.

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8.—FATHER RYAN'S NOTES ON POPULAR PREACHING.<sup>1</sup>

In this little work Father Ryan points out clearly and convincingly wherein lies the great art of popular preaching. Coming, as it does, from the pen of one who is himself engaged in the training of ecclesiastics, and above all from one who has had before him for years, in his own Archbishop, "one of the greatest living models of popular and effective preaching," the work bears with it no small share of authority.

Under three heads (from the words of St. Augustine, *Veritas pateat: veritas placeat: veritas moveat*) are contained hints which we think no one desirous of becoming an effective preacher could afford to neglect. In the Introduction an answer is given to some of those objections which carelessness, or too high an opinion of his own powers, might suggest to the preacher. In the first and second sections are given directions on the choice of subject, and on that clearness and simplicity of treatment the want of which deprives so many sermons of their full effect.

The author would not have the young preacher rest content with studying the great models of pulpit oratory; he would have him "study his people well, their modes of thought,

<sup>1</sup> *Some Notes on Popular Preaching.* By the Rev. Arthur Ryan, Professor of Sacred Eloquence at St. Patrick's College, Thurles. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

sources of interest, general and particular, their loves and hates, what is new to them and what is old, what strange, what familiar;" he would have him "watch their faces, now fixed with attention, now fired with wrath, bright with joy, or moved with sorrow, when some speakers address them, or some conversation engages them; now again listless, blank, weary, or disgusted, when others are before them, or other modes of discussion employed. . . . Nothing but the careful study of character and of crowds, and a correspondingly careful adaptation of style to the public taste, will secure popularity to a preacher; and pastoral preaching that is not popular, is not pastoral preaching at all."

We would gladly quote, if space permitted, other passages from these "Notes," as well as from the concluding remarks on the reading of the Douay version of the Bible. But what we have said will, we think, be sufficient to induce the pastor to examine the work for himself. We honestly think that if the hints given in it were more generally followed, we should have our people better instructed in their Christian duties; and the poor would, in the true sense of the word, have the Gospel preached to them.

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9.—HISTORICAL NOTES ON ADARE.<sup>1</sup>

A great deal of interesting historical research has been compressed into the sixty-three pages of this work. Indeed, we wish that Father Bridgett had been somewhat more generous towards his readers, and had dwelt a little on the beauty of the place which has given us one of Gerald Griffin's sweetest poems, and has also, if we mistake not, inspired the muse of Aubrey de Vere. It is a common but mistaken notion that Ireland is "like a frieze coat with a border of gold lace." The coast is not the only beautiful part of Ireland, and Adare with its magnificent park and manor, its picturesque ruins and charming neighbourhood, is a standing proof of the truth of our assertion. Why did not Father Bridgett, when speaking of the inscriptions on the Manor House of Lord Dunraven, mention the most striking one of all, that on the great stone balustrade at the top of the mansion on which is carved in immense letters the text, "Unless the Lord build the house, &c?" However,

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Notes on Adare.* Compiled by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, O'Connell Street.

we are very grateful for what we have got, and earnestly hope that Father Bridgett may find many imitators all over Ireland. The history of that country has yet to be written, and accurate local gleanings are the first step in the right direction. Here is an extract curiously suggestive of much of Irish history.

When the tenth Earl of Kildare, "Silken" Thomas, was arrested in 1535, his son, only ten years old, was ill of small pox at Donore, in Kildare. Thomas Leverous, a priest, and foster-brother of his father, carried the child off in a large basket to a place of safety, and after many adventures, accompanied him as his tutor to France and Rome. In the reign of Mary, when the young Earl had been restored to his parental rights and estates, his faithful adherent, Leverous, was appointed Bishop of Kildare, and Dean of St. Patrick's. Of these preferments he was deprived in 1559, on refusing to adopt the Reformed tenets. After keeping a grammar-school in Adare for some years, he was compelled to transfer it to Limerick, where Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, served him in the capacity of usher. He died at Naas, about 1577, in his eightieth year.

His brilliant pupil did not imitate him in adherence to the Catholic religion. He found it more to his interest to conform under Elizabeth. He was the first Protestant of the Geraldine family (pp. 45, 46).

No wonder after this that the tradition of classical culture never died out amongst the Irish Catholics, though later on it had to take refuge in the hedge-schools.

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#### 10.—THE LIFE OF A PRIG.<sup>1</sup>

The prig is one of those beings whose nature cannot be easily defined for its very complexity, and probably if a definition were attempted it would only serve to call forth divergent opinions as to what quality it is that is specially constituent and characteristic of priggishness. The author of the brief biography before us, describes a prig, in whose case a decidedly self-complacent conviction of his own moral perfection and intellectual infallibility is the leading feature. Every one who wants to enjoy a laugh over a clever piece of satire should read the Prig's story of his own career, though in sober truth the main thread of the narrative, apart from the ludicrous incidents introduced into it, has to do with no laughing matter. Its hero, the son of a family connected on all sides with the clergy of the Established Church, begins life at Oxford as a

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of a Prig, by One.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1885.

High Churchman, determined to be "higher" than all his brethren. He feels that he is passing beyond this stage of religious development and offers himself as a convert to the Catholics, but is repelled and disgusted by finding that they are not particularly eager to receive him at his own valuation, and that they are so stupid as to actually wish to instruct him before reception. He recoils from Catholicity and takes refuge in a self-opinionated agnosticism. This is really a path which only too many have trod in recent years. If the author makes his story a laughable one, it is because laughter is often no bad argument against Ritualist extravagances and sophistries, and agnostic self-conceit, and some of the chapters for all their laughter are full of close and telling argument, even though the logic is hidden in a parable.

The book is full of good things. Dean Stanley's remark, recorded by Mark Pattison, that the lot of the Church of England might have been different if Newman had known German, is neatly parodied in the passage where our hero after relating his study of the sacred books of China, in the English version, goes on to say :

From these books I derived great consolation. Would that they had been translated earlier ! It was this thought that led me to make my famous remark : " How different would be the lot of the Church of England, if Newman had been able to read Chinese ! "

There is an amusing word-portrait of a certain " Mr. Bright Jones, the celebrated Orientalist," of whom we are told that :

He had spent many years in different parts of Asia, and his object in coming to Oxford appeared to be rather to show its inhabitants their ignorance, than to give them the benefit of his own knowledge.

It is after a very disappointing interview with this distinguished man that the Prig finds he really must set up for himself as an agnostic, and we have an account of a great controversy in which he became involved with a rival prophet of the same school :

There was [he says] something highly satisfactory in being able to inform Oxonian divines that they knew nothing. I felt it to be my mission to impart to them this precious news, and I did so unsparingly both by mouth and pen. Soon afterwards other writers of ability assisted me in diffusing agnostic knowledge by means of the magazines. I may say, indeed, that agnosticism became, for the time being, essentially a magazine religion, and its devotees learnt their faith from the



quarterlies, the monthlies, and the fortnightlies. I am, however, bound to admit that another celebrated agnostic and I had a fierce passage of arms in two of the leading journals, as to the exact manner in which the faithful ought to disbelieve. Each strove to prove that he believed less than the other. I accused him of being a mere atheist, who believed that there was no deity, whereas a true agnostic should not even believe that, as he professes to know nothing about any deity, and consequently cannot declare a deity to be either non-existent or existent. My adversary retorted that I was little better than a theist, which maddened me. I then taunted him with having learnt all he knew from reading my articles, from which he had drawn false conclusions; and he replied that I had obtained all my original ideas from the works of a certain writer whom he named. Finally, I wound up the controversy by declaring that I was the leading apostle of the only religion of peace and goodwill, and that I despised my opponent and repudiated his doctrines.

His chief consolation in agnosticism was, he tell us, to realize "that there is no religion so deeply religious as irreligion." His favourite theory becomes however a source of practical difficulty when he has to deal as tutor with an agnostic youth, who joins to his agnosticism an unpleasant habit of quoting freely and provokingly from the *Imitation*. Some of the scenes in this episode are among the best in the book, which closes with the hero's marriage with a lady who is quite content that he should believe in and worship himself.

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## II.—CORNEILLE'S POLYEUCTUS.<sup>1</sup>

Apart altogether from its classic beauties, the tragedy of *Polyeucte* has a special claim upon our attention. It has nothing to do, except very remotely, with the too often selected theme for dramatic writing, the lawless passions and dubious virtues of the characters found in Pagan mythology. On the contrary, Corneille for the drama of *Polyeucte* went to the undefiled sources of the *Martyrologium Romanum* and the pages of Surius, and after contrasting grace and nature in their action upon the soul, presents to us in the Christian martyr heroism in its manliest and noblest form. This work Mr. Nokes has now translated into English verse, and of his translation we can only speak in terms of the highest praise. It is no mere paraphrase, for taken on the whole, not only the general sense

<sup>1</sup> *Corneille's Tragedy Polyeuctus*. Translated into English blank verse by Walter Federau Nokes. Librairie Hachette et Cie., 1886.

but even the subtlest shades of meaning have been preserved with rare fidelity. Mr. Nokes' versification, too, is graceful and harmonious, possessing the true poetic ring, and at times, we venture to think, not inferior in polished elegance to its French original. This, though great praise, we do not consider to be undeserved, and we can only hope that Mr. Nokes will persevere in the good work he has begun and give us more translations possessing the same charm and beauty, and showing the translator's ability and delicacy of perception in the same way as *Polyeucte* has done.

It may perhaps be hypercriticism on our part, still we think it a slight blemish that where the language in the original, at least in one or two passages, is very closely defined and restricted by the use of pronouns, by the omission of these in the translation a vagueness and indefiniteness have crept in, and the connection of thought in the dialogue should have been somewhat sacrificed. We are very sceptical, too, about the advisability of using words which require the grave accent to be placed over them to give them an extra syllable and so suit the exigences of metre; such as *honorèd*, *dazèd*, *o'eturnèd*, and others, which are to be found up and down in the translation.

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### Literary Record.

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#### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Funeral Oration delivered by the Archbishop of Baltimore on the occasion of the solemn obsequies of the late Cardinal McCloskey has been reprinted in pamphlet form.<sup>1</sup> It is an eloquent record of his life and work, and it is accompanied by a very good engraved portrait of the Cardinal.

We have received from Messrs. Benziger the new school Catechism<sup>2</sup> prepared in pursuance of the resolutions adopted by the Council of Baltimore on religious instruction. It is a little shorter and more condensed than the catechism used in England, but even with this it introduces some topics which the latter

<sup>1</sup> *Funeral Oration on his Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York.* Delivered October 15, 1885, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by the Most Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *A Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* Abridged from the Catechism prepared and enjoined by Order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1885.

omits. Thus there is a chapter on Sacramentals. The catechism has, we believe, been stereotyped, and plates supplied to the chief Catholic publishing houses in the United States so as to secure a large supply, and uniform editions.

Father M'Greevey's verses<sup>3</sup> are full of a simple and tender love for the Blessed Mother of God. They follow the order of the mysteries of the Rosary, evidently the favourite devotion of their author, as his poem "The Old Beads," proves so touchingly. They will be welcome to many readers as a pleasant help to the art of linking holy thoughts with the decades of our Lady's *Wreath of Roses*.

Messrs. Gill and Son, who now date their books from *O'Connell Street*, Dublin, have published in a handy pamphlet<sup>4</sup> the remarkable speech in which Archbishop Walsh called attention to certain discrepancies between the account of Mr. Parnell's programme given by Mr. Parnell himself and that given by the Earl of Meath. Mr. Parnell's speech referred to by the Archbishop, and Lord Meath's curious version of it are given in an appendix.

Catholic Temperance Societies will find Father Cologan's recently published penny pamphlet on *Total Abstinence from a Catholic point of View*,<sup>5</sup> a useful little work. There are unfortunately not a few Protestant tracts on temperance in circulation among our people, which often lay down distinctly erroneous doctrines on the subject, and not the least valuable part of the pamphlet before us consists of the pages which point out what are the positions which the Catholic advocates of total abstinence, cannot and do not maintain.

*The Catholic Home Almanac*<sup>6</sup> is an annual of more than fifty pages of illustrated reading, varied for the home circle from tales and amusing matter up to more weighty contributions such as the retrospect of the history of the past year, with illustrative portraits. It is preceded by a coloured frontispiece of the Good Shepherd—which will probably in most cases find its way out of the pamphlet and into a frame. Its calendar pages show the fasts at a glance, and indicate the Sunday Gospels; and devotions for each month are suggested in well chosen verses.

<sup>3</sup> *Wreaths of Roses, a Tribute to Mary*. By the Rev. James M'Greevey. Belfast: D. T. Doherty, 1885.

<sup>4</sup> *Reply of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin to the Earl of Meath's attack upon the Priests and People of the County of Wicklow*. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1885.

<sup>5</sup> *Total Abstinence from a Catholic point of View*. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan, Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Published at 18, West Square, S.E. 1885.

<sup>6</sup> *Catholic Home Almanac*. Third year. Benziger Brothers, New York, &c., 1886.

Mr. Washbourne's *Catholic Calendar*<sup>7</sup> contains in a small space the usual amount of well-arranged information. It is especially detailed in the pages that relate to the three dioceses of Westminster, Southwark, and Portsmouth.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The practical use now made of the science of meteorology in America, where the weather forecasts and signals of approaching atmospheric disturbances are now an official institution, regularly organized in the interests of commerce and health, forms the subject of the opening article in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for October. Some reminiscences of Cardinal Schwarzenberg, the late Archbishop of Prague, the last of the Cardinals nominated by Gregory the Sixteenth, are contributed by one who knew him in private life, and who bears testimony to the personal virtues and high qualities which distinguished him. He was elected to fill an archiepiscopal see at the age of twenty-seven years, and ruled two large dioceses with ability and discretion, possessing pre-eminently the art of combining dignity with affability, of inspiring at the same time fear and love. Father Wasmann, after having established the fact that the insects of former ages were endowed with no less perfect an organism, and instincts no less highly developed than those of the present time, shows in conclusion how this serves to confute the Darwinian theory of a gradual growth and progress in the instincts and powers of animals. He allows, however, that although from the first appearance of any given species in an earlier period of the world's existence, its structure and instincts have remained the same, in some instances the habits of insects have been modified and altered, owing to the changes that have taken place in their surroundings. Father Baumgartner has, in a series of articles, made the readers of the *Stimmen* acquainted with Iceland, both past and present; with her people, her poetry, and her produce; with the political and religious changes her annals record. He now bids farewell to her barren but not unfriendly shores, and commences an account of his journey homewards.

The notes upon the Apocalypse are continued in the current number of the *Katholik*, the subject being the opening of the Seventh Seal. The judgments following upon each successive

<sup>7</sup> *The Catholic Calendar for the Year of our Lord 1886.* London: R. Washbourne.

sounding of the trumpet are shown to signify the chastisements sent upon the obdurate Jewish nation. The philosophical discussion upon the notion of time occupies a considerable space; time is shown to be not merely a mental conception, but an exterior fact, to be objective as well as subjective, real in the limited duration of the present, and capable of being measured by means of uniform and continuous motion, viz., that of the heavenly bodies. The *Katholik* also gives a chapter from the history of the Popes, relating the circumstances attendant on the election of Nicholas the Fifth, which took place in the troublous times of the Antipopes, with a slight sketch of the character of that Pontiff. The article on sacramental absolution discusses the question when the confessor ought to give conditional absolution, and cites the opinions of the best moral theologians. To defer giving absolution is pronounced to be a hard and dangerous measure, only to be employed with great circumspection, and resorted to in exceptional cases, since it is apt to make the penitent relapse into sin or fall into despair. The circumstances which require the absolution to be repeated are also enumerated.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (849) comments on the displeasure caused to the enemies of the Church in Italy by the choice of the Holy Father as arbitrator in the dispute concerning the Caroline Islands. The Freemasons are furious to find that the Papacy, instead of gradually expiring, as they hoped, still possesses power and prestige; the Protestants declare Bismarck to be a traitor to their cause on account of his thus recognizing the pretensions to sovereignty of the Head of Christendom; the monarchists consider a slight has been cast on their King by not choosing him to settle this international dispute in preference to the Prisoner of the Vatican; and the revolutionists aver that the fact proves the Pope to enjoy the liberty guaranteed to him under a united Empire. Another article discusses the nature of some of the formations and transformations in the animal and vegetable kingdom, affected by human skill, which has succeeded in subjecting the forces of nature to its service. The recent Anti-Semitic movement still finds an echo in the pages of the *Civiltà*. Modern Judaism is compared with ancient Pharisaism, and the latter is shown to have been handed down to posterity in its worst and most corrupt form by the precepts of the Talmud, which are strangely divergent from those of the Mosaic Law.







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